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All the President's men: *Nasty Women* may sound like just another funny-ran movie, but under that cowl Glenda Jackson is really President of the United States—once removed, of course. **Page 70**

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Interview

With Xerox chairman C. Peter McCoolough

A study-hard, person-oriented diplomat executive, C. Peter McCoolough suits the five-billion-dollar Xerox empire from a futuristic headquarters deep inside the verdant reaches of Connecticut's Greenwich Country. The calm elegance of his outer office is reflected by Pollock abstracts in his inner sanctum: his soft, mushroom-shaped velvet sofa and four large palm trees. Born in Hahira 54 years ago, he spends most summers aboard his 54-foot ketch moored in the Atlantic from Cape Breton's Bras D'Or. Later down to Venezuela. After graduating from Calicut (and Capodone) law schools, he attended the Harvard Business School, and worked for E. P. Taylor's Standard Chemical Co. a forerunner of Danitex, now one of Algonquin Corporation's chief holdings. He joined Xerox in 1964 and 17 years later was named chairman. An active director of some 33 companies and industry boards, including Xerox's Scotch's Industrial Papers Limited, McCoolough was recently interviewed in his office by Maclean's Editor Peter C. Newman.

McCoolough: Do you retain any special feelings about Canada?

McCoolough: Yes I go back not as much as I would like but as much as I can. I was brought up in the Thetford area, being provincial, my family lived in Nova Scotia for a long time. I was really brought up in a sort of myself as a Nova Scotian first and a Canadian second. Ontario was a strange place to me. Even today, when people say, where are you from, I'll much more likely say Nova Scotia than Canada.

McCoolough: How would you compare Canadian businessmen with their American counterparts?

McCoolough: They seem to be more conservative. Also they don't have the hostility toward government that we have. Most big businesses here look at American government as almost our worst enemy.

McCoolough: Going through your security arrangements here, I have a feeling that U.S. has not been in a state of siege.

McCoolough: It is under siege. Government people will try to say, "I was in Congress" so on and so forth, making "What can we do to help you?" And my answer is always, "We don't need your help, we're big and strong enough. You have an idea, we'll solve our own problems around the world. We don't need your help."

McCoolough: I suppose one of your great problems at Xerox, which was such a fabulous growth company during the Sixties,



Xerox—any American company—will very much hesitate to invest in Quebec today

was growth of, say 15% a year, which is roughly what we'll do this year, means you're having to add \$750 million of new revenue. Many large modern industries in the world don't have that kind of "total demand."

McCoolough: What percentage of your business is international?

McCoolough: About half in terms of revenue and profit. That really doesn't tell you the whole story because it has been increasing rapidly over the years and, in terms of the placement of equipment, there's far more than half overseas that is on a rental basis.

McCoolough: How much freedom do you see in the international side of your oper-

ation? What are the basic reporting procedures? How closely do you control your Canadian operations?

McCoolough: We allow a good deal of freedom. The essential thing is that we work together on what we call our operational plan, and every unit, domestic or overseas, will come in with a two-year operational plan starting in April. Then there is also a long-range plan for the five years after that. So, we're really in a seven-year cycle. We will send out to the operating units in Canada and so forth some guidelines after discussion with them on what the plan ought to be. Essentially, it's their plan and I would say that there's a great deal of local authority and autonomy but it is in the more worldwide plan in terms of the introduction of new products. Canada, for example, may say we're not going to take a certain new product line, we're going to take it next October. We aren't ready in March. Well, don't take their decision. But if they said, we aren't going to have that product at all, we'd have quite a dialogue with them. They might win or they might not, depending on the circumstances.

McCoolough: How do you keep track of their operations?

McCoolough: We really follow three things. One is we have their actual sales, expenses, which come in every month. We also compare their results against budget. Our budgets never—I won't say never—almost never change during the year. But each month we update the outlook so we really look at three things: their actual results, their outlook each month, and the long-range picture.

McCoolough: Do you have local Canadian directors?

McCoolough: Yes, in Canada we're an Ontario company and the majority of the board is Canadian.

McCoolough: As your Canadian company listed on the Stock Exchange?

McCoolough: No. Canada is unique for us. It is the only country outside the United States where 100% of the company is owned by Xerox Corporation.

McCoolough: Why?

McCoolough: It's partially historic. The other countries where we operate, we started usually with a partnership. Canada started with sending a few people over the border to run a business many years ago as part of the American company. And we really never changed it.

McCoolough: Is there, in your view, such a thing as a true multinational corporation, or are they in fact American corporations with foreign branches?

Dry. Very dry.



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great, educated people are the main asset of the company. We want their voice in the right way in the affairs of the company. They can't vote on the board of directors by law, but that must be done by the board of directors. There's no way around that. But we form a whole series of employee committees. For example, when there's a production opportunity as a group in economics, they should be consulted. We don't want to overlook anybody. We have a program of social service leaves where people can go off for the whole year with full pay and do something in the social area. Those people are elected by the group each and its employees. We are trying to do that way to give people a voice and it has worked out very well.

McCaughy: With about 60 years? Shouldn't there be limits on how large and powerful a company can grow?

McClellan: No. In spite of what people say, the large, multinational companies of multinational companies are going to get bigger and bigger. I say that because without that, you aren't going to have the resources to do the things you want to do. Unless we were very big today, unless we had the opportunities to grow outside the American market, which is pretty big in itself, we couldn't really do the research we put into research. We're spending this year 250 million of our money on research. Fully recently, we had several hundreds of millions of dollars invested in one of our new products before we got the first nickel back from anybody. That's the economy of scale that is essential. There are going to be some controls on size and on how big is reasonable. I don't mind. In fact, I've advocated, unlike most business people in this country, reasonable rules around the world for the conduct of multinational and multinational companies. Rules that'll assure people you're not going to close your plant down in some small town in France and go to Taiwan because you can get cheaper labor which I think is wrong. That will also enable us in the larger companies to know what the rules are so we can go by them and not be whipsawed as we are now from one country to another because every country talks out of both sides of their mouth when it comes to the larger companies. If I go to France, for example, the French may publicly be against the large multinational companies. On the other hand, when you arrive, the Minister of Industry wants to see you and he'll say in your own words, please France or a new research laboratory. So they really go both ways.

McCaughy: It seems to me that all multinationals, but particularly business and governments, are suffering a crisis of legitimacy.

McClellan: Yes. It's a real danger today. We're asking only about business, but if you look at the public opinion polls they show an absence of trust in multinationals whether it's the Catholic Church or the medical profession. In fact, the last poll I saw showed the highest confidence rating

for the medical profession, with almost 50% of the people stating they had confidence in the medical profession, which means that more than half of the people didn't have any. Then you're down from there in educational institutions, business. I think was about second lowest. The only thing lower was Congress and the Presidency of the United States, which is a problem.

McCaughy: Have you noticed any change among recent university graduates?

McClellan: Business is much more so-



Government's interfere, and when things go wrong, they 'solve' it by more interference

acceptable now than it was five or six years ago. It's partly because people are much more conservative. I have friends in my vicinity now, and they're quite different than children five or six years ago. They really look down their noses at the kids in the 1960-1968 era. They're very much more conservative. But also, I think, they're being pragmatic in relation to the way they think they can only work for the government as business—whether they like it or not, that's the way it is. The answer basically to me is, although it has some wrong things have been done in the company and perhaps in other companies. When multinationals have the power that business has, they aren't going to be popular unless people see how they're controlled. At least, for example, what they brought their own stock they held almost a billion dollars in cash. Well, how many countries in the world have an billion dollars in cash? There aren't a half dozen countries in the world that have the cash and how. So it's unreasonable that the public look at it with

all of their skills, people, money, technology and wants to know how it's run. There's no accountability. I think there is only it, but people don't use it.

McClellan: What language favor do you see for exports?

McClellan: I'm not really troubled today by the United States. There is a trend back to basic conservatism here and I think we will survive. But I'm deeply troubled by what I see in Europe in terms of the social distance, a real concern about whether we'll have a capitalism system there as it has existed in the past. Government intervention with you and its subtle, but by by by by. And no government has ever stepped back. They don't step back, they keep going. When you get government interference and things don't work very well then what they say is that the problem is we don't have enough interference, we haven't done enough. Now we need some more and it goes on and on. England's a good example. I don't know where's going to happen in England. They've killed themselves, really, because the incentive system in England has gone. When politicians make their mistake is that they look at me as my stage in my life, in my mid-fifties and they will do, and they say, well, you're trying to persuade what you have. My life is not going to be changed as matter when he goes because I'm going to keep working as matter I'll get a medal after years or not. But what you have to look at in myself or other people 30 years ago, when you're 25 I see this very clearly in England—how optimistic. The concept of having a safe life with all sorts of disappointment and upset and a lot of hard work and no money or in my life and no money. About 90% of the people are going to go the easy way. We get this problem with some of our English executives. We try to work more on the American way of life which is really fairly paranoid, a lot of travel, long hours and hard work. The worst you look like is getting home after all that travel at seven or eight o'clock at night and our neighbors next door make \$2,000 (\$3,000) less than we do, but we both only have one car, neither one of us can take a vacation to the West Indies, why better? And because of this I have a very simple philosophy on this. I think what I must realize to do is give people plenty of incentive to make money, to keep money during their lifetime. It's a very short life. From a social point of view, I don't really argue against having inheritance taxes. You can't have 100% on death taxes because if death taxes were 100% I would squander everything I've got and just waste it. But from a social point of view, I think that death taxes ought to be very, very, very low. You have a great concentration of wealth in certain families very quickly. And I don't think that's desirable. But during your own lifetime you ought to be able to really accumulate something. I've really had to work pretty hard and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

Belvedere

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The shifting of power to 'the people' hasn't changed its tendency to corrupt

Column by Max Saltzman

There is a great "cover-up" going on in Ottawa. It is not the cover-up of a Watergate or our own pale Canadian version, the Sky Shops affair, nor is it a cover-up reported in the government, but one in which all parties, and public servants participate. It is not even a conspiracy in the sense that those participating are aware of what they are doing in a conscious manner. But rather it is part of the adversary system of politics, the prevailing mechanism of all parties, the legal business and the supporting militant neoconservatism of the Prime Gallery.

The cover-up is not new. There has always been a gap between what an official and how the politicians seek to make a partisan argument. What, however, is more recent is that the gap between what is happening and what the politicians says is happening is being widened to such an extent as to make an intelligent approach to solving our problems almost impossible.

Who is parliament covering up for? The "Big Boys"? No, because just about everyone has and distrust them, whether it's Bill Canada, the chartered banks, or any other of our packaged villains. The "Big Boys" someone far more than the doers of parliamentary and media jumps, and not without cause. The cover-up is about ourselves—the little people—and that is why we can't talk about it in a democracy, are even frightened within the halls of Bill Canada's support, but they can't get elected without the support of farmers, fishermen, trade unions, students of unemployment insurance, or immigrants who need their representation.

Here are five points in Ottawa as a committee of the House of Commons that set for weeks investigating the state of food prices. They were wasted weeks. The first witness, officials from the Department of Agriculture, could not answer our questions which I'm sure they had, in a half hour. All they had to do was answer a simple question about the relationship between the price at the farm gate and the price at the supermarket. They said they had no such relationship and could make no such comparison.

The committee, after weeks of following blind alleys, finally compared the farm gate and the supermarket prices on a graph. The lines followed each other like shadows. The price of meat had increased because the farmer was getting higher prices for his production. What the committee should have had the courage to say was "yes, the farmer is getting richer, but food has been too cheap in Canada, so the

farmer's expense has too long and he is entitled to more." Did that appear in the report? It certainly did not. After weeks of hearing pictures and newspapers, the report had nothing to say, and this experience has been repeated on every committee investigating the rise in consumer food prices. Nobody attacks a farmer.

The Transportation Committee of the House of Commons investigated the decline of rail passenger services in Canada.



Saltzman: a nation of first-night-jacks

Every witness before the committee blamed the government, the CNA, the CNA. One witness representing a certain line recounted how the community was not satisfied with an earlier rail passenger service and came to the conclusion that the way to restore up the railway was to give it more competition. The next witness is two bus companies, a leader of one, built a new highway and then complained when the railway applied to discontinue its service because of passenger loss.

A rail union complained about the loss of jobs on passenger services and no one asked the union about its attitude to the "100-mile limit" as a day's work, and no one asked how passenger service could be viable when the union contract called for payment for 30 crew changes from Halifax to Vancouver. A truck made 30 years ago in perfect weather when it was provided 10 miles an hour in jam on to inhibit public transit. The committee, however, continued with its criticism of the government, the CNA, and the CNA.

The examples can be multiplied and

when you get through with them you find almost every interest group and region with its own set of lobbyists demanding that no bad report about its constraints will emerge. Not only the politicians but the media will not hesitate to track the sound row of "evidence."

From 1869 to 1975, rail travel was second in Canada, grew significantly faster than in any other country in the world. Yet in the speeches in the House of Commons, no hint of this emerges. When the government tries to make this point, it is ignored by the media. Only now, with the publication of a report by the C. D. Howe Research Institute, is this information reaching a public audience.

We are in danger of becoming a nation of well-off "hangers," provinces against provinces, group against group, region against region. The complacency might not do us much harm if our society was united in other ways. But in this time, when the whole state of Canada's survival is on our minds, can we afford to be running around with our little hammer and nails blindly nailing down the lid on the national coffin by refusing to see ourselves as our own worst enemy? And what makes the problem all the more difficult is that yet, with their handsome salaries, expensive allowances and carefully protected retirement incomes, are in a difficult position to play *Servant of the People*.

Government and opposition have never run more scared to public pressure. Not the pressure of the general public, as witness the decision on capital punishment, but rather the electoral power of sensitive groups who, because of their collection, are able to exercise disproportionate influence to get their own way. In the old days we used to call them lobbyists. Today the euphemism is "partisan democracy."

The process may seem very democratic, but in it no "No" everyone has equal power in society, and the pressure that it puts on governments is usually of the organized and group kind with the result that some groups get more of their share than, in my view, they are entitled to. This has always been a characteristic of the market system and is now becoming common in legislatures as well.

Representative, dissent, even rhetoric are a necessary part of society, but shouldn't the debate be more closely related to the facts and to the many whose voices are not organized?

Max Saltzman MP for Brandon-Brandon recently resigned his post as financial critic for the NDP, to part in income related to this column.

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(Along with ice, cola, ginger, water, Harry, Sue, Bill.)

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Toyota versus the accident dilemma.

As long as there are cars on the road there will be accidents. It's unfortunate, but true. And while we cannot prevent accidents entirely, there is much that we can do. Building cars which maximize passenger safety and minimize potential vehicle damage are the on-going objectives at Toyota for all Toyota automobiles.

Some five years ago we initiated our Experimental Safety Vehicle

program specifically to help engineers continue their research on traffic safety. So far, \$6 million has been invested in the project and over a hundred ESV's have been produced.

The Energy Absorption body, frame and bumper system of the ESV's can withstand the impact of a frontal collision up to 80 km/h. Occupants are protected by a gas bag which is triggered by a Radar

Sensor Computer to inflate prior to collision. To assist the driver in emergency braking situations, an Electronic Skid Control System prevents lateral drift on slippery or unstable road surfaces.

Road tests continued and the ESV's have proved their life-saving value in head on and rear end collisions, side-swipes and roll-overs. This research has contributed immeasurably to the

overall safety of all Toyotas now on the road. Nevertheless, accident prevention is still far preferable to collision resistance. A prime example of this kind of thinking is Toyota's Electro Sensor Panel, an information system which monitors, detects and warns of any malfunction in the lighting, braking and fuel systems.

Accident dilemmas remain. But our commitment is to solve them.

We have been thinking and operating this way for over 40 years since the first Toyotas rolled off the assembly line. This is because Toyota's philosophy is to build a car from your point of view. And this policy will never change as long as Toyota makes cars.



CELICA LIFTBACK

TOYOTA

People who care building for people who care



A standard Toyota is subjected to speed, stability tests. Snow steering and tests all, but it's in this driverless, real-

Letters

Writers who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones either

Shades of Fleet Street? Recently Maclean's readers were treated to a sensational cover story chronicling Margaret Trudeau's controversial, gothic, bohemian—Margaret In Wonderland (March 21). Despite the misleading use of writer David Cobb, the article reveals that your magazine is not as temperate as the New York and Herald press is now intimate. The cover was so totally uncalculated as the description in the table of contents: "...with exclusive photos. Miss Trudeau's adventures among the Sixties." With a world smothering from east to west in suspicion on the one hand for the past erudite Mr. Trudeau, possibly the only Canadian not to enjoy our constitutionally guaranteed freedom of movement.

Transcending the Margaret Trudeau controversy, it was refreshing to see a true rock band spread across two full pages of color in Maclean's. It is unfortunate that Canadian rock fans have never enjoyed such a privilege. For true justice to come to pass, I suggest we shall have to wait until Maurice McTear drops with Golden Lightfoot.

ORIO PETROVIC WINNIPEG

Bruce Margaret Trudeau for enjoying a life of freedom with the political press. I trust an individual's personal wants and all, who is simply asking like a person for her, more than all the "misinformation" that perched on the shoulders of our past political heroes. Nasser? Perhaps, the Iranian.

WILLIAM BOWMAN-CANADIAN OYST

One would be shocked that Margaret Trudeau's training in sociology would have taught her that anything is true. 30 years older (let alone a politician) has to

peril. Or that having three children—being born—has no influence on the mother's physical and mental being. Or that marriage at 22 before you've had a chance to become your own self is a bad thing. Or that having a private man's wife is not necessarily the all-around. Now, a year later, Margaret's trying to tell us what we could have told her back in 1971.

STAN BLACK TORONTO

Why all the fuss about Margaret and the Rolling Stones? Was it not last year that Jack Ford was using Bianca Jagger in a series of "photographic engagements"? With the latest article on popular music switching to "pink rock" and rock groups as King, the Stones by today's standards are respectable. There seems to be Margaret for adding some spice and grace to the tops of Canadian history.

LEONEL NELSON SAMARITIA

The man that time forgot

With your help John Turner will have six more years to attain his (your) goals—he will be 58 for most of 1977, not 42 (The Turner Campaign, March 21).

BILL CLARKE, MP WINNIPEG (QUINCY)

All the news that's fit to print?

It really is that the press, in its various permutations, unfortunately is immune to criticism and often allows its bias to be manifested in the pursuit of what is commonly called "sensational news." I feel that Barbara Ansell did Maclean's and us and some of our good people at Maclean's. From a great distance, with Maclean's Canada (March 7), I can well appreciate the time they might not be

agreed with our presentation of our collection, but so seriously attack Miss Ansell from the way she did—making many comments and showing deeply personal things as possibly how David Cobb looked after what Ansell inferred was a recent fire—this is really that is going to be the case.

JOHN J. MACLEOD, CHAIRMAN

ROBERT TULLER NEW YORK

If you can't trust your doctor...

Maclean's, at one time Canada's distinguished medical magazine, has presented editorial in recent months that is so biased as to be disgraceful to the moral and ethical standards of our country. A case in point is your interview with Dr. Line Fortin (December 25). If the opinions expressed by Dr. Fortin were not shared by the interviewers, then I wish to disagree with her attitude toward our male colleagues in obstetrics and gynecology. The medical profession carries a heavy burden. We are the whole, not coping with extremely difficult changing conditions with honor and integrity. It would be grateful if Maclean's would respect and support the profession and, above all, remember that the patient requires the help.

J. CLAUDE M. J. DEPARTMENT OF OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL, MONTREAL

Editor's note

Maclean's recently published an article, "Fleet Street's Shadow" (February 21), under the byline of Matthew Reagin. In fact most of the material for this article was researched and prepared by Louis Bernard Robitaille, whose name was inadvertently left out. Maclean's regrets this omission.

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Bait! Bait!

One cannot help but be astonished at the lack of editorial discretion in assigning Barbara Amiel the (far too apparently unsuitable) task of reviewing Simone Weil's biography of Simone Weil (February 21). There is scarcely a sentence in the review that does not betray the reviewer's disaffection with and misunderstanding of the subject of Pitt-Rivers's biography—not to mention her apparent predisposition to dislike the book even before the first read.

The incredible statement with which she concludes her review—"However inspiring her research for truth may seem to be in fact

always predicated on the notion of being good for a reward," reveals Amiel's total lack of knowledge of her subject and leaves one wondering if she even read Pitt-Rivers's biography before writing her scathing review. Certainly, she cannot have perceived (and with any degree of sympathy or understanding) any of the voluminous writings of Weil herself. Otherwise, she would know (and not help but know) that the guiding principle in Simone Weil's life was a passion for the truth to transcend and uncompromising that, at least in her final years, it could scarcely be overstated with a the frictions of human nature (which did not prevent her "how-

ever, from expressing herself right to the end with a degree of sensitivity and wisdom that have perhaps not been surpassed even in times) as well as a compassion for the suffering and discomforting of her fellow men that moved her at such times with spiritual agony that the only way she could appear that suffering—because, in fact, she could not appear to do so—was to share it. The possibility that she might ever be rewarded for this, either in this life or the next, seems not to have entered her mind.

The truly astonishing thing about Weil is that she identified herself so completely with the suffering of this world, not statically and blindly, like some blundering beast, but rationally, critically. After having investigated the conditions that led to the lowest of her intellectual ability, if Amiel chooses to use the story of such an (historically) as "study in human psychology," she can only sympathize with her apparent inability to recognize human decency and compassion and intellectual integrity when she is confronted with them in all their stark and unblinded reality.

DAVID LODELL, MONTREAL

You can't get too much of a good thing. Walter Stewart seemed to be afraid to step on toes in *Why Is It That American Values Have So Grown?* (March 7). As a nationalist I also believe that nationalism can be overcome, but I really do not think that we are guilty of this crime. Looking at Canada from a distance, anyone can see that we have positioned being subservient for far too long. There is, of course, nothing wrong with Canada having economic or cultural ties with the United States, but we must be in control of and independent in these fields to some extent.

Last year while in high school I took a survey and one question was: "Do you think there is enough Canadian citizens in your school?" Ninety-five percent said "no" and of the 4% who said "yes" one was an American. Surely we, as Canadians, must be informed as to what we are all about in order to understand and appreciate ourselves as a nation. Therefore, a certain amount of control must be forthcoming to bring this change about.

BARTIN BARRON, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

Turning off the bubble machine is a better idea than what is Senator Clement Zablocki's statement in *Freedom's Triumph* (March 7) that Prime Minister Trudeau "speaks better than most." Who did he expect—Lawrence Welk?

M. A. CHIL, EDMONTON

Funny (or the instead of funny) or possibly. My compliments to your photographs and staff for the picture and description of Robert Stenfield's angry mood in *For The People, By The People* (March 7). I was lucky not to see a photo of him when he was really angry and happy. Stenfield is the only man who makes Perry Como look



Stenfield always has 'em laughing

like a nervous teen-ager. His pose has the shades of another great man—Jack Benny—and it would appear he has a fear for comedy.

Politicians should do TV commercials to increase their popularity instead of giving billions of dollars to the poor. For instance, imagine Robert Stenfield in an Amos commercial, dear Prime Trudeau doing a Brock commercial, René Lévesque (brown and bushy-eyed) in a Voyage cigarette commercial, what else for Peter Lougheed but one for Grant Tinker and last but not least imagine Rod Sykes and Calgary's city council together in a Scope commercial. If all Canadians can develop more friendship, common sense and humor, we can help unify people by sharing their messages.

LEE VANCE, CALGARY

Did it really come from the beyond? When Worlds Collided: Among The Enchanted Results, *Letter Superior* (February 23) was of considerable interest to me. I spent four months of the summer of 1974 on the islands studying the geology for the Ministry of Natural Resources as part of an ongoing program to evaluate the mineral potential of the province. The shock features were noted by my work party and first reported to the scientific community in the 1974 annual summary of field notes on the geological branch of the ministry.

The interpretation of shock features (craters, shatter cones, etc.) found within rocks in some areas of the world is a controversial issue. At present two schools of thought exist. One group believes all these features are extraterrestrial in origin. The other group believes that although the features may be due to extraterrestrial impact they can also be caused by processes within the earth itself. These processes involve explosive volcanic activity associated with major faults in the earth's crust and gas-rich molten rock derived from the earth's mantle. This group believes there is insufficient knowledge concerning volcanic explosions to state unequivocally that shock features resembling those formed by meteorite impact can be formed only in that manner. Investigation of shock features which are only one type of geological data taken out

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of content, can no more answer the geological problems of the St. Lawrence than can the study of one man characterize a country. The St. Lawrence is composed primarily of volcanic and related rocks (not granite) in excess of 2.5 billion years in age beyond that geology is an unproductive science and in general it is incorrect to state that the islands are "the established result" of erosive impact. The debate concerning the St. Lawrence is not closed and it will continue in scientific journals.

R.P. SNIEL, GEOLOGIST
MINISTRY OF NATURAL RESOURCES
TORONTO

Not the case—not the case by half!

Marshall McLuhan is an interview with Marshall McLuhan. It suggests, as an example of contemporary journalism that Western thought has been dominated by left-brain or logical thought, so the verbal exclusion of right-brain, or creative thought, is a necessary part of the process.

If creative thought has been ignored in the Western world, then what's all this then do you Shakespeare? Shakespeare's Poems, all have been up to the point of the creative thought. The truth is that Western thought since the Renaissance has developed a magnificent synthesis of the creative and the pragmatic. The creative is the pragmatic application of its creative genius has produced a standard of material well-being unprecedented in human history. The technological success has not been material ordinary men and women to an unprecedented degree. The greatest progress from Western progress has occurred when people abandoned reason to follow in the utterly irrational but ultimately pleasurable, fashion of a model such as that of a Marquis.

WILLIAM STAFF, CALGARY

Professor Marshall McLuhan made some interesting slips of the tongue in my interview with him. For example, he referred to French Canadian as "the French." Most interesting, though, is his implication that only a French Canadian can be an effective Prime Minister of Canada. He goes on to say that Pierre Trudeau is "governing two countries at once." I wonder what McLuhan would say to the suggestion that English Canadians are in a stronger position with no expectations of ever becoming Prime Minister.

ALAN BORDEN, BATHURST, QUEBEC

Update from Findings, too
I want to congratulate you for your interview with Dennis McDermott (March 21). I think Canadians would understand it as well as going to hell. Sorry we can't go to the courtroom, even when we don't agree.

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Maclean's

Preview

Carter's 'Kissinger' is starting to look more and more like the original

Back in 1968, William Rogers was U.S. Secretary of State and eminently in charge of foreign policy. But, as everybody well knows, it was Henry Kissinger (who would not succeed Rogers until four years later) who was really calling the shots. Now a parallel situation seems to have developed in the Carter presidency. Cyrus Vance is Rogers. Elizabeth Bentsen is the K. Kissinger. Head of the National Security Council (the same post Kissinger held), has Jimmy Carter's ear as surely as Kissinger perched Richard Nixon's.



Kissinger at all that's missing, it would seem, is the title

For example, Vance has fully wanted a continuation of the status quo in dialogue with the Soviets, while Bentsen wanted a harder line—and he held firm. Carter's listening the Soviets on the human rights issue was one result. Ideally Carter would like to have Vance in his backseat for four years—an appointment to the national establishment—but speculation is growing that Bentsen will replace him by summer.

But will he ring like a bee?



At musically inclined

Neville let it be said that Kissinger doesn't take to culture strongly. The city's symphony orchestra takes it seriously; it even has paid up a deficit of \$208,300. Help, however, is just around the next corner. No less a celebrity than Mohammed Ali has agreed to take part in a gala concert May 29 (ticket prices range from \$50 to \$200, which is more than people usually pay for a range of seats at an Ali fight) in aid of the orchestra. Among others who will appear: pianist Van Cliburn, soprano Lilya Belykova and violinist Rogerio Rocco. Peter Gansch, the orchestra's musical director, says modestly: "It is hard to put on the greatest concert in the world." Why will Ali do it, not his famous stuff? He is considering playing the trumpet while the orchestra plays the Toy Symphony. The concert will be shown live on Minnesota television and taped for later release elsewhere.

Blessed are the Temptations

Charles Templeton's publisher, MacLellan and Stewart, say the exception-made-for-one/nevertheless has come up with a genuine blockbuster that has even the foreign publishing world excited. His new novel, called *Act of God*, will be released in the fall. Already it has been read by the highest audience (except for the

for a Canadian novel, and no fewer than five U.S. publishers are fighting for the right to print it. The plot revolves an American scientist whose archaeological friend discovers the bones of Christ in Israel, exploring the resurrection story test leaving the scientist to wonder whether he can get to get out of both the house and is forced in order to keep the faith for Christ story. Jack McClelland predicts *Act of God* will sell 10 million copies worldwide.

Unscientifically speaking

Science International the independently produced and syndicated television show that scored excellent ratings everywhere from Goose Bay to the far west, has been awarded for next season. The name, however, has been changed. Next fall the program will be called *What Will They Think of Now?* Associate producer David Lange says the change is as an attempt to reach even larger audiences, some of whom may have been turned off by the word "science" when they saw the show repeated in their TV listings. Lange also says European and U.S. outlets have "shown a lot of interest" in buying the show, although no export deals have been made. Fans can relax—on-host Joseph Campbell and Tina Turner will be back, too.



Campbell and Look-a-like by any other name...

There's no place like home

Now that Canada and the United States have signed a treaty providing for the return of each other's nationals who have fallen afoul of the law, watch for a similar deal between Ottawa and Mexico City. There are currently 13 Canadians doing time in Mexico's notorious prison system for drug offences, and such an agreement would offer them a glimmer of hope. Since there is not even one Mexican in a Canadian jail, the deal if it comes would obviously benefit this country most. Ottawa residents, noting that Washington and Mexico City have reached agreement in principle to exchange prisoners, predict negotiations between the country and the Mexicans will open soon.

Zap, you're fashionable!

As customers contemplated a last-minute map stop replace a gentleman's tailor in Canada's



best clothing store. The system, called Prostyle Inc., is already being used in 25 men's clothing stores across the U.S. and is expected to produce similar results in 10 Canadian stores. The garments are made in a computerized system that allows the customer to select a style and photograph and the left a suit to Prostyle's computer. Then the information is fed into a computer and prints a series of designs based on a pattern for a garment. An individual suit is



Margaret Trudeau, long-haired (above) and Horner (right): never a child oneself



noted, contrast the conservativism over his fate would weaken the party even further.

The timing of Jack Horner's, in fact, was part of a ploy designed by Liberal strategists Senator Keith Dwyer and Jim Coombs. Trudeau's chief of staff, as assembled by legend, was the party so far has failed to win at the ballot box, a strategic ploy from the West in cabinet. Minister Premier Ed Stelmach and Robert Hill, head of the Calgary's Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd., are part of the unfolding scheme, in general. Liberals saw in Ray Stortz, John Turner, the former Ontario minister who clashed with Trudeau in a carefully premeditated encounter at the recent Liberal policy conference. Liberal tacticians are hoping to draw Turner back on the scene.

The attempt to create a new coalition from outside, coming under the reluctant Transport Minister, Ed Long, from Saskatchewan, who Horner would like to be the move a part of a well-established Liberal tradition. Indeed, when Trudeau confronted at a press conference that he had met Horner earlier that month, the minister named former Agriculture Minister Ed Olson to the Senate. Olson, a former friend who joined Trudeau in 1968, is the last opposition vote to cross the floor to go cabinet, but he was defeated in 1972. Before Olson, there was Horner. Argue, like Horner a defeated candidate for his own party's leadership in Argue's case, the son, where the Liberalism is the Senate after he failed to hold his Saskatchewan seat. Back in the 1970s, Horner was King, whose political longevity frustrated Trudeau, clung to office by forming an alliance with Progressives from the West.

Even if Horner is asked to join the Liberals, the play had a dampening impact on Joe Clark's tenure. Clark held the Conservative upon the party's Transport Minister as word of the meeting with Trudeau became public. Trudeau was not biding out any goodies either, making only that "we could certainly have a chair for him" as



the Horner. When it was suggested that he was much of an offer, Trudeau retorted: "We'd be never offering much either."

The roots of Horner's obvious disaffection are complex. Since his bitter loss in the Tory leadership race and his failure to receive an endorsement from his old ally, John Diefenbaker, Horner has been critical of Clark's stewardship. He may possibly harbor some envy for the clout of his brother Hugh, a member of the Alberta government. He is also generally scorned about Quebec and makes notes that "we are at a period in Canadian history when we must do everything we can to make this country work." He sees Trudeau as "a leader of men" keeping Canada together, although only four months ago he was attacking the Prime Minister for "politicizing" Quebec.

Horner's unhappiness became known to Liberals after a dinner he had with Jesse Ferguson, a fellow-Albertan who is a legislative aide to Trudeau. Last month Jim Coombs, who grew up in Ontario, Alberta, in Horner's riding, told Horner as he left Alberta that he was going to a dinner in Ottawa. This led to Trudeau's meeting with Hor-

ner, during which he is noted that he, too, had come into the Liberal fold from the right. Jack Horner, however, is a dilemma. After almost two decades playing in the opposition, he vowed that he wouldn't sit "seven days" as a Liberal backbencher. It was with some relief, despite the bold ploy on Horner's attitude, that Trudeau escaped Ottawa for a holiday. Before he left, he announced May 26 as the date of his by-election, one of them in Quebec. As for the Ottawa appointment, he had a final back seat conversation with his wife, Margaret, who had just joined into Ottawa from New York. The two have been living apart for several weeks but, despite emerging signs of a permanent split, Trudeau insists he has no plan to step down as Prime Minister. His greater concern now, apparently, is preserving Canadian unity—later, as he puts it, "in some point in my life I want to spend more time in my back seat." **ROBERT TAYLOR**

B.C. Prescription: unionism

In British Columbia, unions in teaching hospitals earn slightly less than other doctors. Having graduated from medical school, they work an average 10-hour week, often in grueling overnight and weekend shifts. They earn only about \$11,300 a year. Until last summer they resented it as an undervalued occupation, not quite classed as employment, yet, because of the services they were performing, as more doctors than in a generalist setting. The British Columbia Labor Relations Board ruled that the 300 unions and residents, already members of a union, had the right, under a new labor code introduced by the New Democratic Party government of Dave Barrett, to go on strike, to become a trade union.

The Professional Association of Residents and Locum of BC (PAL) has now organized an in-fact contract with an hospital, setting another national precedent and perhaps a trend. Two other provincial associations, in Quebec and Manitoba,

have decided to follow suit. "It's no secret that Manitoba has applied for certification," says Dr. Ross Taylor, president of the Canadian Association of Residents and Residents and a resident at Winnipeg's St. Boniface Hospital. However, he adds, the application has been opposed by one of the hospitals that refuses to recognize unions (resident doctors) and resident doctors (demanding a specialty) as full-fledged employees. So the association will continue to try for a collective agreement without trade union status. If it's successful, it may withdraw its application for certification. In Quebec, however, a lawyer acting for the Federation of Residents and Locum of Quebec says he will take an "small step and 'definitely etc.'" the British Columbia ruling, something a Quebec labor lawyer would not normally do. "Legally, resident provincial labor board would not be bound by a ruling of the labor board," says labor lawyer Harold Levine, "but in this case the decision is not a precedent. We mean to be going along the exact same line."

The first tentative step into the trade union movement by the residents was warmly welcomed by Ed Levine, research director for the Canadian Union of Public Employees in Ottawa, who thanks this as a very good profession. It will suffer in the long run, he says, if they do not take advantage of collective bargaining. He points out, however, that a most prominent (Ontario and Alberta, for example) unions and residents are forbidden under individual labor codes to join unions. There they have to rely on the good faith of their employers to negotiate them as a bargaining unit.

In British Columbia, in a nutshell, says Dr. Murray Baron, president of PAL, that the unions and residents needed a union. "This is the last province to recognize that in the interest of patients safety, it should



Baron: radical treatment was called for

not be necessary for an union of residents to work more than every third night or weekend." So was included that stipulation in his contract, as well as a dental plan, and the \$5 salary increase allowable under federal control. Baron is pleased that his group in the firm to have the kind of autonomy certification can bring—a guarantee of a collective bargaining agreement in all other instances, on both in and out of the Levine point out, "hospital at some point can talk unions into to go along. They don't have to negotiate." **JOHN THOMAS**

OTTAWA

Town Canada

They oppose with actual anything out of a small set of offices anywhere away in one of the grey stone buildings overlooking Ottawa's Confederation Square. But despite their eloquence, the five men in question, led by 37-year-old Paul Teller, may would more influence than any other group in the country as the debate develops over the future of Canada.

Teller, an economist, biologist and physicist, Quebec, with degrees from the University of Montreal and Oxford, was picked by Prime Minister Trudeau last February for the crucial task of designing and overseeing Ottawa's official statement that would be the final word on Quebec's Red Lobster. And when he left Ottawa last month for his Easter break, they carried with them the first public work of the new unit—a 34-page document signed by Teller. Preliminary observations of the document, however, suggest that the paper represented Ottawa's attempt to undercut assertions by Lévesque's Parti Québécois government that the province lost \$4.3 billion from Confederation during a 13-year period. The study, designed by Teller and his colleagues, the federal government has not yet released. It appeared less dramatic than many had expected, however, largely because the federal cabinet, under pressure from Western ministers, had decided against listing Teller's group as a detailed balance sheet on the net benefits Confederation has bestowed on Quebec.

The debate over the economics of Confederation was first opened by the Parti Québécois, but the Trudeau government's first was that the figures on Quebec's economic might as far as Quebec and that they might fit gaps in wealthier provinces, such as in Alberta, which contribute more cash than they take away. Said Trade Minister Sam Cliche: "Confederation is not a balance sheet."

Many viewed the cabinet's arguments over how to handle the economic challenge as a dead end of either enormous deficit running or Teller's estimate as it may be over an anti-economic strategy acceptable to the whole of Canada, which is often far more concerned with regional areas than with the direct of Quebec independence.



Teller: a less-than-ambiguous debut

Teller, a former deputy secretary to the Quebec cabinet under former premier Robert Bourassa, appears with the Federal-Provincial Relations Office (FPRO) of the Privy Council, but he has direct access to Trudeau whenever he feels it is necessary. To help map strategy, he has recruited Claude Lévesque, a former Ottawa correspondent for the Montreal newspaper Le Devoir, federal government economist David Heston, Chris Deane, a five-year veteran of the Privy Council Office, and George Anderson, another Oxford graduate who worked for the Treasury Board and the CBC. Some senior officials in Ottawa are dubious about the long-term value of the Teller unit, but there is no denying the strength of his political clout with Trudeau. And the same men also give copies of all important economic correspondence on Quebec, placing it in front of cabinet members, parties and ministers such as the national security groups that now are preoccupied with negotiating from the Liberals (Maclean's, March 24).

Teller met regularly with a group, another Health Minister Marc Lalonde, that includes Revenue Minister Margaret Beaudet, Secretary of State John Roberts and Liberal backbenchers Pierre De Bessé and Jacques Olivier from Quebec, along with John Reid from Ontario. His work is also scrutinized by the high-powered "political chancellors" of ministers which Confederation by Lalonde and Senator Keith Dwyer.

On Ottawa's Quebec-related activities pick up speed, however, there is a growing concern that more moderate policies, such as agriculture and energy, will be sep-

lectured and that Westermans, in particular, will view the commitment on Quebec's national to these interests. But, says Teller "I don't think these fears are well-founded. National unity is so overexposed that we can't focus on the Quebec problem in isolation." Besides, adds another Liberal official, "I haven't heard about any referendum coming up in Alberta."

Thou shalt not read

Naturally an uncharismatic civil servant, 56-year-old John Merner has found himself suddenly cast into the public eye since the Canada-wide banning of the glossy sex magazine *Playmate* has focused unacknowledged attention on his duties. Merner and a staff of four work on the upper floor of the national revenue ministry, a block from Parliament Hill. Their offices are guarded by those watchful officers. No one is allowed past without clearance. It is here, in the Protected Imports Section, that Merner and his crew spend their days, reviewing paperwork for the good of Canadians.

Published out of London and New York, could be described as a slightly cruder, rougher version of Playboy. In tone and style, it is closer to the practically mute copies that Playboy's and it has gained a certain notoriety for its "Forum" section of readers' letters denouncing supposedly true life sexual encounters as ludicrous detail. Nevertheless, the publishers regularly ship close to 700,000 copies into Canada monthly and except for occasional local restrictions they are available wherever magazines are sold. It was the May issue, which was due to be the newstand on April 12, a couple of weeks in Toronto took me back to a copy in a little airport, called Ottawa, and for the first time, the magazine was banned at the border. What?

Mernst, in a celebrated quote, has explained the ban: "What we try to do is represent public opinion—and public opinion is anti and not." That suggests the motive behind the ouster is a 12-page photo feature crisscrossed *The Lady And The Stableboy* depicting a series of sexual encounters including coonships and fillings. Mernst says there were problems with the text as well, perhaps with further-than-usual accounts in the "Groom" section.

Bruce Fergus has deposited one such letter, and among those who had access to the May issue may now be getting avertisement around in Toronto. The Provincial Distributors of Canada, representing the 99 local wholesale distributing companies across the country, was provided. I delivered a copy to my Ontario Advisory Committee (winner) under Arnold Edmondson, lawyer for Suncoast and psychologist (see Levinsky) which regularly sought controversial publications against the idea of company's standards. By sending you HCC executive secretary Dr McKinnon nothing different from previous issues. Even Federal Revenue Minister Maurice Blais.

who holds natural responsibility for the decision, was baffled. She had two women on her staff go over the issue and their conclusion, she says, was that it contained "the usual stuff."

But the decision, it is made by bureaucrats, not by Bégin. Under the law, a Canadian distributor can appeal the departmental decision within 90 days to the deputy minister, Peter Connell, under whose name the ban was issued. If the distributor is still unhappy with his ruling, the case can then move to the courts. Bégin indicates that, given the sweeping range of decisions and tariff laws administered by officials under him, "we have incredible powers that shouldn't exist. I'm very anxious to see the accountability of officials developed."

The beginnings of her quandary can be traced back to last June when Justice Minister Kim Beaudin met with the provincial attorney-general Ontario's Roy McMurtry to discuss the question of Ottawa using nuclear pornography. Then in December



the Roman Catholic Church went public with its opposition when Archbishop Philip Pocock called on all Canadians to boycott television and to encourage the media to stop airing the show. The anti-gay message was amplified by the church leaders (several Anglicans, have joined the Catholics) who contrasted it as a gay propaganda to have showed too much for DeLay's league. The DeLay's strategy, general has little clear advantages for the two types of propaganda on the mainstream television channels depicting sexuality or children's curiosity about their questions, and answers in both of them. The DeLay's strategy was to make the anti-gay message and the DeLay's strategy

[illegible]

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The banned books (left) and an apparently satisfied reader (below): rest easy, Canada, you will not read the nasty stuff.



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Camelot West

What could Alberta possibly want? More

By Suzanne Zwanun

The gaily group of revellers pouring their adieu into the decanter of Queen's Skyline Hotel was noticeably hungry. The cocktail hour had been a long one and now they were worried about whether the dining room was still open. Luckily, they seemed to be sharing the decanter with the couple of a man impatiently claf in evening dress. At their continued "insure of" the fully assembled pad and peace and ultimately passed down their dinner reservations. There the man in the dinner jacket, Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed broke up in town for a First Ministers' Conference, the Premier was an eager lover and the case of insatiable identity added his fancy. Why not? The lionism Conservative politician who runs the increasingly provincial mission-rich province of Alberta can afford to be tolerant.

Lougheed is equally tolerant of the nation's history that Alberta will have her day in the sun, tucked by oil, that she will rise out and the world will return to normal with the promises in proper orbit around central Canada. "There are some executives who believe that," Lougheed observes. "We're the new kid on the block and they haven't been able to adjust to our own



science and strength. There is still some weird thinking that it's all a passing phase. But the more thoughtful executives know it isn't and they realize Canada will be stronger when we're done."

When Lougheed has carried out his plan for reasserting Canadian power structure—and there is no question in his mind that he will—he believes that Alberta will lead the nation. His aim is to shift a large share of the economic decision making power now control around Toronto and Ottawa to Calgary and Edmonton. To accomplish this, there is a master plan that has been more than a decade in the making. In the meantime, the over-qualified Lougheed is making his presence felt not only at home but on the international stage as well. At the end of May, for example, Lougheed will go to Moscow to discuss long-term wheat-trading arrangements—superiority with the chairman of the federal Wheat Board, which officially handles such matters. He will then visit a number of Middle East oil-producing nations to

The Edmonton Art Gallery (left) and the city's burgeoning skyline (below) all of the good things that money can buy



discuss petroleum prices and related subjects. He will also stop off in Israel along the way. By mid-June, Lougheed will be in Geneva to meet with the leaders of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. What is so striking about all this is that should Lougheed's latest foreign attempt to establish such a prominent international profile, he will be heard across the country, yet Lougheed's prearrangements have raised scarcely a ripple of criticism.

Albertans are happy to leave it all to Lougheed's hands. They want a century's worth of government and cherish the firm certainty that nobody else understands how it truly is with them. As they see it, executives have always dismissed them as a bunch of red-neck farmers. Now executives have the idea that the red-necks have money, the farmers are rich men, and they're all with money a rich man's money living out the dying days of the Alberta empire. The average Albertan sees it differently. He may not be as precise as the Premier about where the master plan is taking the province, but he does well know that they are getting there.

Albertans are caught on a roller coaster of privilege, sliding through a burgeoning dichotomy of Mount squandering and glens laurels. When oil shot Texas to prosperity 15 years ago, new millionaires scrambled for ways to show money, some spent \$1,000 bills for bow ties and showed the streets with silver dollars. Alber-

Lougheed (left) and the Calgary skyline (below): Alberta isn't really a new-arrival state; he makes it look that way





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turn more a Canadian resident. You owned an company president Bill Harris drives a turbo-charged Porsche Boxster and has a 700 silver dollar and his pocket. Poppy's pre-teen signature appears on envelopes from her own Calgary bank account. But Harris is a success story. Neither Calgary nor Edmonton has an elite residential area to equal Toronto's Rosedale or Montreal's Westmount. But inside their houses is the good life that oil can buy.

The Establishment, a Calgary shop that sells business and business interiors, typifies the unique possessing families that often hide the extravagance within. It's tucked under a porch in a two-story concrete building that is typical prairie functional and doesn't block out views from the city's shiny new glass and concrete downtown. But that unvarnished rock stacks \$50,000 worth of gold fixtures and soft upholstered sofas that cost \$1,000 each. Owner Janet Ingles is cheerful about her customers' attention to price tags. "I like the Western attitude toward money. They don't flaunt it, but they do it. I have money so why not spend it?" I know every bank saps her back out and I guarantee nobody there could run a place like this. There's more money here than people think could have twice what anyone else has but her it's old money tucked away for a rainy day. They don't spend it. Westerners do, maybe because a lot of them had the courage to leave a secure job back east and take a gamble out west," when the gamble pays off, they enjoy it."

When it comes to big houses, even in even more businesses, perhaps a median estimate in a society so recently removed from the frontier. Ingles is intrigued by the sleeker style of contemporary that Alberta display. Many businesses boast big and big tables, guest rooms rate their own \$1,600 tubs, so the domestic help also have their own brand gold fixtures.

Of course, not every Alberta lives that way. But almost all live in on a piece of the action, gloriously entangled in a wildland of shopping sprees. The Conference Board of Canada calculates that Alberta's retail sales will have soared by an amazing 39.5% from \$4.54 billion to \$5.9 billion between 1975-77, more than 10% ahead of any other province. Income tax cuts have mostly lost at just how much money translates into purchases and lifestyle. For a decade now, banking centers have prospered over the skyline of Calgary and Edmonton, vamping up two-story stucco houses and slipping up 30-story-plus skyscrapers. Stores, restaurants, theatres, art galleries and museums have sprouted faster than spring wheat. For contractors the conventional worry may be drawing. Alberta's last year just concluded to conspicuous success.

Lured by the numbers of stores piled with gold, more and more Canadians left Alberta behind down days. Every month, some 1,300 newcomers stream into Calgary and Edmonton, which have doubled

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their populations to almost half a million each during the past 16 years. Alberta's net migration, according to Statistics Canada, tripled to 25,000 between 1974 and 1979. Cape Breton—relatively economic barometer that they are—illustrates the trend. They struggle there between a century ago in Boston, a decade ago in Toronto. So in one of its most recent land wars, the Cape Breton First Nations 500 Sydney area people got down the road to Calgary.

Some wage west for "money, money, money and more money" says an election in Montreal, where 1,000 French-Canadian workers who are developing Alberta's oil-rich tar sands, average \$400 a week in take-home pay and some clear \$900. Spencerville's Pam Updell, 30, banks \$300 a month, while her friend, a Newfoundland divorcee, puts away \$1,500. They figure to hand home \$300,000 rather in 18 months.

Calgary lawyer Tom Masley argues that money isn't the only incentive. The work he facilitated in Winnipeg, he found, was "hardly" the hell, into a U-Haul truck and headed west. "Alberta has taken on the romance Toronto once held for a young, single, gay person," he says. "The East has the false impression that everyone's here for the money, but that's not it. It's a combination of opportunity, a package that adds up to the fact that this is the place to be right now."

The newcomers here in an economic renaissance aren't limited to high. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce predicts Alberta will show a real economic growth this year of 5.4%, compared to a national all-year average of 4.5%. The province's construction sector has grown to 30,000 compared to 20,000 three years ago, giving Alberta the highest labor participation rate in Canada (18% of working-age people are employed) and the lowest unemployment rate—a measure 3.9% last year compared to a national average of 7.8%. Alberta's assets are the lowest in the country, since there are neither sales taxes nor carbon taxes and income taxes are 20% lower than anywhere else in Canada.

To be sure, Alberta's farmers are miserably contemplating a 3% decline in receipts that year, after having watched down 4% to \$17 billion last year. But against that, capital spending in the province will increase by an estimated 28% this year to \$6.3 billion. Among the major capital projects: the \$2.5-billion Syncrude plant, a \$250-million Dow Chemical Canada Ltd. multi-phase petrochemical project, a \$200-million ethylene plant for Alberta Gas Chemicals Ltd., two \$150-million ammonia plants for Corus Ltd. and Canadian Potash, and a \$80-million polypropylene complex being put up by Diamond Shamrock Canada Ltd. and Alberta Gas Trunk Line. Other projects are about to move from the blueprint to the bulldozer stage: first ammonia plants, two ammonia plants, a urea refinery, a rapid seed processing plant, two food plants and three coal mines.

There is a darker side to life in Alberta. Suicide, divorce, crime and alcoholism rates are among the nation's highest—and likely to climb higher, experts predict, because rapid economic growth, urbanization and a tide of newcomers carry those social costs along with them. Moreover, Alberta's native peoples, while new members, are a whole host of the underprivileged, have had scarcely a whiff of the sweet smell of success.

Back in the day when he was opposition leader in the Alberta legislature, Leashead was famous for his backslapping people to express his vision of the new Alberta, as Premier, Leashead has remained to a more private plane. Little else has changed. The

silver thread that was when he created the Social Credit Party in 1971 have become a touch of grey. The triumphs around the blue eyes have become a far-keep, but the 150-pound body is a nearly pudgy at 40 as it was during his University of Alberta days when he was a dramatic buff for the Edmonton Eskimos. As for his game plan, everything done so far, everything still on the agenda, conforms to the master strategy. It all seems so wondrously simple, so logical, so pre-ordained, that Leashead finds the constant question "Just what does Alberta want?" alluring in its Quebec.

Alberta, however, dear bowls and dreams, grabbed out a living from the

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and well. Louis, he is slow in 30 years ago but the speed of a bird (fired by oil and fire) and all too fast. Alberta came before the last of the oil gushes down a pipeline about 11 years, even today's cash out an economic line for the future. Boys Longhead: "Let's say you sit a house with the agreement that you sit a house to live in a rate-free for 10 years. Obviously, you're going to have to save during that 10 years or you'll one day find yourself on the street without a roof over your head. That's where Alberta is."

That realization drove on Longhead in the early 1960s when he was plotting his entry into politics and deciding whether to go federal or provincial. For the first time,

he says, he thought deeply about Alberta, and concluded that the economic future was uncertain, while the Secord, after almost 30 years in power, seemed certain to coast on their record. Longhead worked out his strategy with the oil companies of Alberta: he had learned at Harvard business school. Alberta would convert being oil-rich into permanent capital assets by establishing petrochemical and agricultural processing plants, by becoming both the service centre gateway to northern Canada and, with a bow to finer things by becoming Canada's "back yard." A technological research capital that would draw the brain from less affluent parts of the

world. Longhead drove a general with the US. "Alberta will never be a highly industrialized province, but neither will Ontario have it all forever," he says. "Compare New York with Texas and California now. They have a general interest, a security, a quality of life that surpasses anything that New York offers." That is where Longhead plans on taking his province. As he said when the federal Conservative leadership was up for grabs last year: "Why would I want to run Canada when I already run Alberta?"

Longhead's political ambitions, according to those who know him, go all the way back to his grandfather, the James Alexander Longhead, who served as the short-lived Conservative cabinet of Prime Minister Arthur Meighen in 1920-21. Sir James, a wealthy lawyer turned politician, then senator, still has an Alberta home and a museum named for him. Longhead's late father, Edgar, a lawyer, made no mark on Alberta at all. Thus it is assumed Longhead inherited his grandfather's driving ambition and his father's affable personality, coupled with a need to restore honor to the family name—and to Alberta's.

Longhead has so far succeeded in everything he turned his hand to. After a brief stint in a Calgary lawyer, he joined the contracting firm of Munro Co. Ltd. (now Lucas International Ltd.) and rose rapidly through the ranks, secretary in 1956, vice president in 1959 and director by 1966. In the early 1960s, he branched himself into politics, his only safeguard a few faithful friends who believed he could topple the well-entrenched Social Credit Party. "Seven months before anyone could have ever heard of him, the Alberta Conservative Party leadership, he had his campaign under way," says Jim Reynolds, now a Longhead aide. He won it, of course, in March 1967, and went on to take six seats in 1967, the biggest Tory gains in 32 years. Using slickness with the voters' interest, he had the old Social Credit leader William Abernethy once employed on radio. Longhead governed in 1970, winning 49 out of 53 legislative seats, in the 1974 election. Longhead's Tories won 69 seats to 67.

By 1974, Longhead's instincts have led him into what Alberta's oil and ideological heartland state capitalism. Longhead lives away from the term, not least as he dismisses premiership, it, but "because a society more powerful than it is and it scares people when it shouldn't." Alberta's state capitalism means that the province intervenes in the private sector as partner, competitor, and occasionally as owner in order to force the changes deemed necessary in the economic system. In the past two years, Longhead has created the Alberta Energy Company in state-owned Alberta's industrial sector to share in some of the energy profits reaped by Longhead, he helped create the Suncor oil terminal plant by purchasing 18% of Suncor and its kindred subsidiaries, 3200 million in investment development, and he purchased Pacific Western Airlines, a \$36.5 million investment that was recently

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ruled legal by the Supreme Court of Canada after a two-year court battle. Longford, in theory, doesn't oppose the same interventions; he would have preferred private interests to have done it all. But the government interventions are nothing only if one overlooks Longford's role in a Tory. He doesn't. Proprietary is the label he prefers.

There will be no more interventions says Longford, unless "it becomes necessary if there were no other choice." Happily, if intervention is in fact not necessary, Alberta's savings account, called the Heritage Savings Trust Fund, was opened last August with a \$1.5 billion deposit and is growing at an annual rate of 30% of all Alberta's non-renewable resource royalty revenues; that will amount to \$300 million a year, the biggest pool of loose cash held by any province.

It is not a prospect that enthralls Longford's critics. While there was little opposition to the Heritage Savings Trust Fund's recent \$50 million loan to Newfoundland, there are Albertans who do not share Longford's vision and who can be acutely anxious as the post-studio dangerous aspects of a strategy being implemented with an almost compartmental efficiency. With Turkey, the Alberta Liberal leader who has set to win a seat, would relegate the statue plan to the Vancouverians. Remember the phrases: bring nature to hell, conquer the wilderness, develop the hinterland, industrialize the nation? That's the age Longford is stuck in. He is a beautiful humanist, at least as a civilization that for the next 500 years will deem best what we have destroyed nature. He's going against Ottawa. His lot is the 20th century.

At one deeper level, it is Longford's master plan, a job by New Democratic Party leader Ginter Nadeau, who stands alone in the legislature that who might one day rule a band of northern Albertans, and he becomes a partner to reduce with Nadeau's criticism of the master plan is simple: "Longford has already blown it." Because Alberta is a major energy producer at the time of a global energy crisis, Nadeau believes Longford had a tremendous opportunity to work Alberta's deal. "He could have bargained off low prices in perpetuity against federal subsidies of freight rate increases. Selling transportation and freight rates is a quest for the future of our resource revenues. Longford put him in. He didn't get the oil price he wanted from Ottawa and he didn't get a solution to freight rates. It was a tremendous loss of almost 10% of the West because we will get another shock. When you only have 11 years of energy left, you don't have any more bargaining power."

If Alberta someday comes knocking back to its industrial past in Confederation, property subsided after a long wait for us, Nadeau predicts that the province will be lagging some, although Alberta—the petrochemical and agricultural processing plants now under construction. Last fall, Nadeau acquired a closely guarded



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with Ottawa. At a recent federal industry Minister Jean Charest will submit a series of proposed concessions for Alberta industrial and agricultural products when Canada goes to Geneva this year for talks on the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Ottawa may not be overjoyed in Longbeef's unimpeachable feigns. Longbeef simply contends that he is playing his cards well. With his signature suit of diamonds he happily tenses around a yarn in which he was supposedly the best of the job. Arriving for lunch at 24 Sussex Drive during one of his early first minister's convalescences, Longbeef was greeted in this door by Pierre Trudeau himself. But once Trudeau's shoulder the Alberta premier's special underwear came coming down the hill "A very distinguished looking man I sensed he was an earlier guest. And I'm an old campaigner from way back. When I was a hard entrepreneur I just automatically grab it." Longbeef, flying his overcoat in the starfield Prime Minister and energetically pumped the outstretched hand of the man who turned out to be the better. Enthusiasm might consider that pacific. Longbeef prefers to think that the tough friendly West scored one on the contempt East on their entrance. Because on departure the unnamed Trudeau mistakenly handed his father-in-law's coat to Longbeef. The brother was not seen again. Says Longbeef, "I like to think he was so impressed that he packed up and moved to Alberta." ☺

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Unhyphenated Canadians

A century later, the Chinese have truly arrived

By Robert Miller

Guan Shan is what the older Chinese call British America. The Golden Mountain, the name dates from the California gold rush, when the initial wave of Chinese sailed eastward across the Pacific, hoping to strike it rich alongside, first, the Forty-Niners and later, the more modestly successful Columbian's Fraser River Valley. The gold fields soon petered out, but North America remained Guan Shan, a place of golden opportunity where (if) and hard work were rewarded. The Chinese, ever flexible, ever adaptable, could not let nothing more—though inevitably they had to settle for considerably less. Now, a century-and-a-quarter after the epic Chinese migrations began in earnest, Guan Shan finally is fulfilling its ancient promise, especially on its northern shore. Some 200,000 Chinese Canadians are quietly going about their substantial business today, pleased that this country has become what they always hoped it would: a good place to live and a great place to meet.

The signs are everywhere. Shimmering new restaurants are popping up in once-tacky Chinatowns. So are Chinese-owned shops



and other Novelties. Chinese surgeons are pushing back the medical frontier in Canada's hospitals. Chinese students are flocking to the nation's universities to prepare the nucleus for careers, mostly in the professions. Chinese immigrants, largely from booming but jittery Hong Kong, are pouring money into the country at an unprecedented rate. And the Chinese are beginning to play a more active role in Canadian politics, now that the frontiers and frontiersmen they endured for decades are finally a thing of the past.

The Chinese community in Canada has moved, slowly but determinedly, through what Dr. Willy Chung, chief surgeon at Vancouver General Hospital, describes as the predictable occupational evolution "of any lower-class migrant group entering a new land." The progression comes from manual workers to the development of a merchant class that uses its new wealth to educate its children who eventually enter the professions. "Finally," says Chung,

Chinese New Year parade in Vancouver
"where it all began," not in west, west in west east in Canada the south have met



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They *Wish* more equal in cost: *equat*

"with wealth, education and tenure some members of the group enter politics." Remarkably, this evolution has taken place without attracting much attention from other Canadians. Left weary and wary by turn-of-the-century turbulence

quest" explains Mayor David Chisler of Toronto, which boasts North America's fastest-growing Chinatown (estimated population: 50,000). "No one feels marginalized by the Chinese," adds a Toronto-based sociologist.

Now that low profile can no longer be maintained, the community is too big, too prosperous. "The immigrant mentality is fading, completely gone," says Dr. Graham Scrimshaw, a Sinologist at the University of British Columbia who is working on a study of the Chinese in Canada. "The traditional idea that the Chinese came to North America to make a packet and then go home is dead. This is home." Today, Canada's Chinese are intensely Canadian, possibly the country's proudest citizens.

Problems remain, of course. The Chinese-Canadian community is fragmented precisely as never before, along socioeconomic and generational lines. An aggregation of individuals is uncomfortable with one another as anything in *Flower Drum Song*. Canada's immigration policies continue to niggle, despite the reforms of a decade ago. The drive toward assimilation in a white-dominated society has taken a painful toll of innocent Chinese citizens. The threat of serious crimes of the type now plaguing the Chinese communities of San Francisco, New York, London and even Amsterdam has become a source of profound worry in Vancouver and Toronto. And there is dissatisfaction over

suggested by white racism the Chinese withdrew into their own communities and for more than 50 years deliberately kept a low profile. The success of this collective model model has been such that today, if any minority group in Canada can be said only to have overcome racial prejudice, the Chinese have made it. "They've been

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what it takes to slow progress toward equal employment opportunities, particularly in the public service. Says Ray Mah, editor of the Vancouver-based *Chinese News*: "Our main concern now is civil rights. There aren't enough Chinese in the upper echelons of the civil service. We don't have a Chinese scientist. I'd like to see more Chinese in the media."

Problems aside, though, Canada's Chinese in 1977—the Year of the Snake—were able to look forward with confidence and look back with pride. Anything things have been achieved.

The history of the Chinese in Canada is not a pretty story, but it is one they constantly study, particularly the *Exclusion Act* born from a shameful tale of legislated discrimination and exploitation, of bread lines and racist gangs. Ironically, it was not until 1947 that parliament repealed the *Exclusion Act*, a law that for 73 years kept families separated by the considerable width of the Pacific. From 1823 to 1947, only 15 Chinese were allowed into Canada, which meant the thousands of Chinese men already here had virtually no hope of being joined by their wives and children, or, if they were younger of finding a wife and beginning a family. The *Exclusion Act* resulted from political agitation in British Columbia where, at one time, the Chinese made up 18% of the population (the proportion now is about 3%) and were in competition with white labor. Earlier, Canada had tried to attract the influx of Chinese by imposing head taxes on immigrants—starting at \$50 in 1885 and rising to \$500 in 1904. Still, some ships broke through and the Chinese workers already in the country somehow managed to save the money to pay the tax for others. 4,600 Chinese were admitted in 1911 alone. In a paper he gave in 1975, Dr. Chung explained that the 46,412 Chinese who entered Canada between 1885 and 1923 paid a total of \$28,512,000 to China for the privilege of settling here. He observed that "if calculated as a modest 4% compound interest from 1923 to 1975, the amount would be \$139,342,520. This is the amount the government of Canada usually if not legally, owes the Chinese people, because of an unjust law."

Despite the repeal of the *Exclusion Act* by the Mackenzie King government, it was not until 1967 that the Pearson government completely dismantled racial origin as a consideration in immigration policy. By coincidence, 1967 also saw an outbreak of violence in the British Crown colony of Hong Kong and the flow of Chi-

The helms at Ming's, North America's largest Chinese nightclub in Vancouver (also include major personalities Han Wang, flower-geared, singer Wei Mao, dancers Maria Lee and Marcell Lee, and Jimmy Lee, who owns the Ming's in Victoria. Cooper and Macphie (left) found their Chinese love in Vancouver, and love every minute of it.

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ness immigrants trapped from an average 2,500 a year to some 14,000. By 1871, the tide was down again, as Ottawa began to make it more difficult for all immigrants.

If the Chinese look back to survive at the treatment they received from the Canadian government, they look back with pride at the contribution they made to the building of the country—particularly by the 17,000 labourers required to push the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains. So busy had their lives along the right-of-way, doing work that Occidentals wouldn't touch, that their plights gave birth to a whole race's crude definition of a loser: someone who doesn't "sue" "a Chinaman's chance."

Despite the appalling conditions and treatment awaiting them abroad, the Chinese continued to pour out their homeland. The reason was simple enough: there was little to keep them at home. China in the mid-19th century had fallen prey to marauding bands of troops, the peasantry was helpless to defend itself and conditions were made truly wretched by a series of crop failures. Accordingly, the Chinese began, albeit sadly, to migrate to the four corners. Today, more than 15 million Chinese live outside of China.

In Canada, because they were long denied any political rights—they were only granted the right to vote 15 years ago—the Chinese understandably looked toward politics across the sea. There were intense debates between the supporters of Vancouver's Mayor Charles E. Smith and the Communist giant Mao Tse-tung. Eventually, Ottawa's 1970 recognition of Peking tipped the scales and most of Canada's ethnocultural Chinese community now acknowledge the Communist hegemony over their motherland. "We say that it is the decision of our government as Ottawa, and as good Canadians we accept it," explains Roy Mah of Vancouver. Today, on the second of the endowments of Canada's Chinatown, the flag of the People's Republic and a portrait of the late Mao are likely to be displayed alongside the Maple Leaf and a picture of the Queen.

The cultural shock experienced by new arrivals in Gansu State may have been severe. Chinese society had developed through the millennia to a level of sophistication in many ways still unsurpassed by the West. The Chinese were reading and writing and had attained paper when Egypt's pyramids were under construction. The Chinese had established a so-called civilized social pecking order that placed the intellectual on the top rung, in terms of personal dignity, philosophical depth and cultural tradition. The Chinese who came to Gansu State were light years ahead of their white masters.

It is still a long way from a hand laundry and a packhouse to, for example, ownership of Vancouver's Board of Trade Tower, which businessman Geoffrey Lau recently bought for \$60 million. It is no wonder that Chinese Canadian point with

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representing all the major regions of the country by 1990. National Museums Canada also helps fund the training of Associate Museum staff and repatriates and prevents the export of objects that form part of the Canadian cultural heritage. These programs are examples of the many ways in which National Museums Canada and museums and galleries across the country present the various cultural strands out of our past, to give us a better understanding of the elements which have shaped our country and helped form our proud, and distinct Canadian identity.



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pride to the more successful members of their race. Among some of those frequently cited: Andy Lee of Vancouver, the first Chinese to be inducted to the Canadian bar; Henry Cheng, a Vancouver realtor who is the number-one-ranking Canadian member of the Brevolent and Privileged Order of the Elks; the Liou family of Calgary, which has made 11 donations and put down all through university (they are doctors) and were one daughter, Elizabeth. Henry lawyer Art Lee, the young Chinese Canadian who represents Vancouver East in a Liberal seat, Toronto politician and community leader Peter Lomb, millionaire Geoffrey Lau, president of the Hong Kong Restaurant's Association, and so on. Yet, there is a Chinese establishment that's noticeably lacking in Chinatown anymore. Working their magic.

In San Francisco, it's Grant Avenue. In New York, Main Street. In Toronto it used to be Elizabeth Street until the 1961-1963 construction of Toronto's downtown city hall and the explosion of the Chinese population forced it westward along Dundas Street. In Vancouver, it's Pender Street. Every Chinatown of size has a principal thoroughfare that traditionally featured street vendors, a street-side restaurant and restaurants from the Orient. Always there were a few saloons and busy restaurants favored by what is called during conventional times hours and by midnight, downtown Vancouver shows almost every shop and cafe were the airport-exit companies and the family flats. Downtown, there were the social clubs, where the men went to talk, to get a drink, and to play Mah-jongg. No matter which street they were in—Grant, Main, Elizabeth, Pender—the atmosphere in Chinatown seemed fairly forbidding.

No more. Stunned by the surge of immigration from Hong Kong, lured by low savings and a new sense of continuity in dealing with such Occasional uncertainties as the sheltered banks—to say nothing of the millions brought to Canada today from Hong Kong—the Chinatown of Canada today is a far cry from yesterday's stereotypical, high-rise, old-fashioned design, entering palaces of insulating design and scope have become almost commonplace. As for race signs, the Chinese are welcoming that. The drug and gambling industries are more to them as the "new Chinatown" just as they did in the old, yet the new Chinatown makes one thing absolutely clear: the Chinese community in Canada is going high-profile at last, even in its matches go to the ball.

The Bank of Montreal's Toronto Main, first chairman of Vancouver's Chinatown Historic Area Planning Committee, established in cooperation with city hall and charged with preserving the tradition of Canada's first and still largest (approximately 60,000) Chinese community, says his group is anxious to see modern facilities developed but not at the expense of the community's distinctive character. "Of course," he says, "the old values are changing. When I first joined the bank in 1986 I never thought I could be a manager. A killer, yet an accountant maybe. But a manager? No way. It's all happening so fast, there's no time to learn today. Many of the bank can't speak Chinese, never mind read or write. I guess we're all becoming Westerners."

Doing business with the Chinese-Canadian community can be a pleasure as well as profitable. "The Chinese are very content," notes Man. "They measure all the angles before they make any decisions."

Doing business with the Chinese-Canadian community can be a pleasure as well as profitable. "The Chinese are very content," notes Man. "They measure all the angles before they make any decisions."

But, once a decision is made a deal can be arranged with lightning speed and with the assistance of legal fines. Personal honor is considered a top priority, loss of face a catastrophe.

Most business conducted within the Chinese community may be honorable, but there are grey areas that trouble it on the way. The Chinese are no different from other minority groups in for a successful city to build by their own hand is concerned. In San Francisco and New York, for example, Chinatown is prey to gangs of young, unemployed headbangers pushing protection rackets. Known as the Hung Men, or Triads, these gangs threaten



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restaurants and shopkeepers, many of whom are afraid to go to the police. "The Chinese have a long-standing distrust of the police," says Constable Bob Cooper of the Vancouver department's community relations branch. "To them the police are traditionally lower than a prostitute." Cooper and his senior partner, Bob Murphy, paid off Vancouver's Chinatown in the fashion of television's *Sharky and Mink*. They wear windbreakers and jeans, hand-me-downs and boots. They drink nothing but iced tea, a substitute with their jackets off and their revolvers hanging down from unobtrusive holsters. They are tough cops who love the Chinese people—Murphy grew up among the Chinese, Cooper is married to a Chinese girl—and speak the Chinese language (it's funny, Vancouver has no Chinese policemen). "They're all in medical school," Cooper laughs.

Murphy tells of the time when a gang of San Francisco toughs, known as the Wah Ching, decided to start protesting in selected Vancouver establishments. "We just counted them back across the border, and that was that. The Chinese have a saying: 'When you cut off a snake at both ends, where can it go?' and that's more or less what we did with the Wah Ching."

A similar strategy by San Francisco gangsters who invaded Toronto was dealt with more directly, by members of the Chinese community itself. After their racial demands, the Americans were invited to a follow-up conference, and found themselves outbid by a hard-looking group of young Chinese, all of whom carried with muscular, Bruce Lee-type self-confidence. The Americans got the message and left.

In Vancouver, Murphy and Cooper have developed an ongoing relationship with the people who love and work on their beat. They wonder in and out of the social clubs, watch the card games and drink tea. They ignore Matt-Jung ("Everybody plays a 40's like bender") but will have an illegal fan-tan game in a back, although they rarely have to. They are phlegmatic about the Chinese and gambling, anyway. Says Murphy, "I don't care who it is. You take a hundred dollars and put them together for any length of time, especially if there aren't any women around, which for a lot of years was the case, and sooner or later someone's going to start a card game."

But gambling, real estate, speeded mobility and criminal associations aside, what Chinatown and mean to most Canadians is food. Delicious food. Bamboo shoots, barbecued duck, sweet-and-sour chicken, fried rice, delicate soups. To most Canadians middle-aged and under, whenever they've lived there, this probably been a Chinese restaurant that was special, that was their place in the withdrawn community next door. I remember Mr. Lee's Sea Grill in Fredericton, and later the more up-to-date Paradise, with its stir-fried chocolate cod and shrimp and jellyfish. Then Johnny Hong's New Street Café in



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Tommy Mackinnon of the old ways are disappearing, and that's not all to the bad

Wishin' (which, according to legend, he'd win a real prize) with his children underfoot and easy credit. Hop Sue's in Toronto, which actually served Chinese food and worked at the border reporters

brought in a lot of foreign business. Toronto countries there was Jim Lam's Kwangchow with its massive menu and formal restaurants from the press and assigned who'd eaten there. A little later there was the Marco Polo, on King's Road in London's Chelsea district. (One warty Friday suddenly fed up with my almost

chicken too grey and London, I left the Marco Polo took a cab to Heathrow, caught a Connellie jet later to Paris. La Bourget airport and took in the late show at the Lido, where the cheapest wasn't covered in slanted snow—or anything else.) Later on, there was the Chop Steak in Munich. Kenya, perhaps the most miserable Chinese restaurant in my experience. Inspired by a polyglot collection of journalists, artists, crews, tourists, minor diplomats and incompetent spies, the Chop Steak was more than just a restaurant. It was widely held to be both post office and pay wagon for Peking's fledgling intelligence-gathering operations in East Africa, its profits the source of the hard currency the spy industry needs to divert. The Chop Steak never lived in a state of limbo, when the small bar was taken up by the random spaceman around countries: the casual Englishman with his gin and tonic, the misanthropic American with his Jack Daniels, the war-faced Russian from the north with his vodka, deliberately served by a smiling Chinese waitress who probably translated them all. We used to speculate: Who was watching whom? Did they compare notes? And did the so-so, CIA and KGB payments in hand risk to where all that expense-account money was going? Ah, the Chateau. Ever respectful, ever indolent and doing ever so well. Especially late in Glen Suen now that the top of the mountain is so new. ☐



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Endangered species

Has history caught up with Franco-Manitoba? By Peter Carlyle-Gordge



When Jocelyn Scudler was in elementary school (and in St. Boniface, Manitoba, back in the 1950s, a strange point of pride and rock used to take place in the classrooms) her school, Ecole Manon, was staffed entirely by nuns, with an elderly nun as principal. Instruction in French was diluted in Manitoba—right guaranteed in 1970 but revoked in 1976. "Of course all our lessons were in French because we had an early morning system," recalls Scudler, 25, now a reporter for CBC television news in Ottawa. "The principal usually knew where a visit from a school inspector was due. She'd station a nun at the front door to watch for the inspector's car. As soon as the car was coming, the nuns would warn the principal, who would then go rushing through the school shouting 'The inspector's coming, the inspector's coming!' By the time the inspector got to her office, she'd be back there smiling and composed." When he made his rounds, French texts were somewhere to be seen and the shaggy young Frénais-Manitobais were peering over their lessons in English.

It was only in 1979 that the New Democratic Party government of Premier Ed

Schreyer returned the right of Franco-Manitobians to be educated in French and more battles are looming to regain other French rights in the province. Today about 55 to 60 of Manitoba's one million residents are francophones, but most believe that their survival is in jeopardy in the surrounding English talk, crops up and threatens to drown them. The election of René Lévesque's separatist Parti Québécois government in Quebec may have become the principal national issue of the day, but it has also served to deflect attention from the fate of the surviving French-speaking communities outside of that province. St. Boniface and the confused, conflicting and paradoxical responses to the threat of assimilation there are a vivid case in point.

Protesters on the barricades in 1982 Georges Fossé, a St. Boniface insurance executive whose personal combat began with a five-dollar parking ticket in 1975 that was treated in English only. Since the City of Winnipeg Act states that all public works and materials to the residents of St. Boniface must be in both official languages, he informed city officials that he

Fossé's small (but Potentially) history

would not pay. They ignored him. When he received a second ticket and refused to pay that, he was hauled into court, where it was ruled that his parking ticket was a court document, not a municipal one, and that all court proceedings in Manitoba since 1880 could be conducted only in English.

Fossé and his lawyer dug into the history books and learned to appeal. The actual County Court Judge, Armand Duroault, declared that the 1880 law—abolishing the use of French in the legislature, civil service, government publications and provincial courts—was unconstitutional. "We've really opened up a can of worms for the province," says Fossé. Forthright the Schreyer government is not going to appeal the law but neither is it allowing Fossé to be sued in the courts. Fossé plans to take the case before the Manitoba Court of Appeal. Fossé has paid a personal price for his lonely battle: he has encountered a backlash from both anglophones and francophones in the form of abusive telephone calls and lost business.

Chevrolet. Henri Masson, Jean Fossé's predecessor to "beat up to your own allegiance." A francophone in his own right, Masson is concerned that Ottawa is really doing very little to prevent the eventual disappearance of French speakers outside of Quebec. Robert Pinckard, a professor of Canadian history at the University of Winnipeg, similarly sees Masson's francophone as a community under siege. "It's a serious problem, not survivable," he says. Playwright Roger Angier, who plans to move to Quebec, believes that the French communities in the west cannot survive much longer. "We put a line through in French, but they want to survive over Quebec borders. Our culture here is federally funded and artificial. Once the money goes it will collapse."

Manitoba's Francophone community goes back to 1880, when a handful of French-Canadian families moved west from Lower Canada and settled in St. Boniface. In its early days owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, inward organization's agreement 51 years later to withdraw the land to Canada that sparked the rebellion led by the young French-speaking Métis, Louis Riel. Facing the loss of Métis lands and rights and supported by French settlers and English-speaking Métis, he led the Red River Rebellion of 1880 and his provincial government negotiated Manitoba's entry into Canada in 1870 as the 14th province. At the time, Ottawa guaranteed the new province separate French schools and the equality of the French and English languages.

But by the 1930s, the rapidly swelling influx of settlers had headed political ascendancy to Protestant newcomers from Ontario. In 1939, a small but ominous event occurred: the Manitoba Gazette ceased to be published in French. In 1948 the new province agreed to abolish French as an official language was passed. And in the same year, passage of the Manitoba School Act, abolishing the province's dual-language school system, opened a bitter debate that at one point threatened to tear Confederation apart. Aggrieved Manitoba Catholics—mostly French-speaking—appealed to parliament, claiming that they had been deprived of educational rights guaranteed under the British North America Act. The federal election of 1948 was fought over the issue. Wilfrid Laurier's Liberals, promising that a compromise could be reached in Manitoba by "sunny ways" and without undue interference from Ottawa, were swept to power. That compromise—an amendment to the Schools Act passed in the following year, provided in part for bilingual instruction in schools where at least 10 students spoke French or any language other than English. Since, however, so many other minorities—in particular Ukrainians and Poles—



Laborers in costume for the Festival du Voyageur survival begin at home

wire demanding technical instructions that a violent backlash developed among anglophones. In 1916, despite efforts to create a special place for French language instruction, the Manitoba legislature chose a decision unknown to the north by abolishing the bilingual system entirely.

Today, Manitoba's francophone community is centred in St. Boniface, a heavily industrialized, busy-looking area beside the Red River, which divides it from anglophone Winnipeg. Though it still has its own hotel de ville, St. Boniface (population: 47,400) was incorporated into greater Winnipeg in 1971. The Catholic

Church remains a major landholder, but just as in Quebec, its influence on the community has declined sharply over the past two decades. Anglophone descendants of St. Boniface are mostly complacent. The community is associated with the shock of its Casino Placard plant, with rail lines, hospitals, giant supermarkets and a generally poverty-stricken appearance. Some middle-class residential areas have sprung up and there is the odd sparkling jewel, such as the St. Boniface Roman Catholic Cathedral. Another inspiring edifice, the St. Boniface General Hospital, founded by the Grey Nuns is noted for its team of heart specialists, con-

sidered among the finest on the continent. The Grey Nuns still play a role in the hospital's administration, though real control has long since passed from church to state.

The bilinguals and some types of St. Boniface are mostly in English. At Jocelyne Scallidis' party, a "You can walk up and down Provencher Boulevard for days now and never hear a word of French." Why? In part, the Franco-Manitoban culture has been created by sheer anglophone numbers, but there is more to it than that, and in the latter explanation lies a paradox. When Scallidis was at school there wasn't a distinct survival spirit. "In the old days," she says, "there was a sense of community something to fight for. The story about my principal is amazing but there is a serious point behind it too. There was something to struggle against every day. Now the Franco-Manitobans have education in French. They have their own television and radio stations. They have federal grants to support cultural groups. They have little to fight for, so they fight among themselves."

Blaiseau Frenchton explains the problem at a different way. "In the past 20 years," he says, "we have seen urbanization in major cities. Anglophones have moved into St. Boniface and French Canadians have moved into anglophone areas. Anglophones have also been leaving the city and settling in francophone communities, while those around in anglophone areas have been moving into anglophone Winnipeg. "A good example is St. Norbert, not far from St. Boniface. Once almost wholly French, it is now mixed. Frenchton says

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other francophone rural communities such as St. Adolphe, Ste. Agathe and Lorneville, according to anglophone revisions.

Fréchaud also believes that too much federal and provincial money is being poured into francophone education to be legitimate and that not enough is being given to French majority communities themselves to help them reverse the anglophone onslaught. "We did get things out of former Manitoba premier Ben Rielin, and out of Schreyer, but not in contrast, especially if Quebec leaves Confederation." Perhaps if that happens governments will say they've done enough for the French outside Quebec.

The thought of a left wing politics, like at the back of the minds of many Franco-Manitobans Claude Lapointe, a sixth generation French Canadian, was brought up in the small francophone community of Lorneville. All her friends at home, she recalls, were French Canadian and she spent her "wild" and idle time in Winnipeg. "Of course the English was a swampy sea and it's up to each one of us to preserve our language and culture," she says. "My mother and father don't speak a word of French, but it took a long time to get to the church on holidays. In the city I've even received sometimes a bad greeting for my French surname. If Quebec leaves I think we're in Manitoba we're in a cauldron."

And you—yes, hereon has another problem—where Lapointe was growing up in Manitoba, she and her friends used to think of Quebec as being their promised "No more was lost between us," she says. "Living in the west we have to accept more and more that it's the Quebecois that to realize that Quebec is a brother in Quebec what he thought we in Manitoba should do if Quebec separated. The main said: 'Move to Quebec.' Naturally my brother said he'd be very easy to move down."

The fear of Quebec's strutting hegemony as the ultimate bastion of francophone culture in Canada is a matter of real concern to many Franco-Manitobans like Fréchaud. "Many anglophone politicians that they don't want to know French on their own island, because French caused down their island. Well, have you considered that many Franco-Manitobans have it a few years ago when the CBC asked our several representatives and the French activists that they might get Quebec French and Quebec culture and down there? And to some extent it's happened to us." Henri Marcoux agrees. "The local programming is good, but then there we get a lot of Canadian debates. It's unacceptable that the French national TV news should ignore the problems we're having with education here."

The confusion of linguistic relations has led not only to some Franco-Manitobans mistaking themselves in the past, says francophone schools provided wholly French instruction. But with the trend to



larger schools and school districts and a migration of anglophones into traditionally francophone areas, that has in many cases become impractical. Moreover, says Lapointe, despite the fact that French didn't help them get ahead in the world, so three children had been become very proficient in English if they're to get ahead.

Lorette Leselle, vice-principal of St. Boniface college, the only completely French high school in the province, insists that French in the province can and must survive. "It's true the pressures are strong to tell us we're finished as a community, but we want keep on working with the youngsters and their parents. And as families are looking to transfer values in size and other areas, they're looking to transfer our language and cultural values."

Quebecois who have been pressing for that in Manitoba's assumed deputy minister of education Raymond Elbert. He is responsible for French education and is as such optimistic. Always seeking a silver lining in the dark linguistic clouds. He mentions that in addition to the anglophone backlash over French rights, there has also been a "transfer" in the form of increased enrollments in French immersion courses by anglophone students. Says Elbert, "Manitoba is a model for the rest of Canada. Quebec and Ontario included, of what can be done in the field of bilingual education."

Manitoba's health minister, Larry Derksen, one of only two francophone cabinet ministers, takes a practical approach. "In many ways we're just another ethnic group here, though we have special status confirmed on an automatic," he says. "Some battles do have to be fought be-



Lapointe and Fréchaud, wondering if Franco-Manitobans can act alone.

cause if you don't you end up with an inferior. Still, we have to get along and if Quebec separatists could really damage us here, I'm violently anti-separatist though I admit René Lévesque. His success was a victory for democracy, but if Quebec separatism could be the end of special rights for francophones elsewhere, it's like a man-made one person vote out that the other one's too sure. In cases like that, I think we have to try to persuade the one winning out that marriage isn't so bad."

If Quebec were to separate, a load of relief would likely go up over anglophone Winnipeg, though a few monolinguals might think about putting up the banners of their old enemy again. For many, separation is seen as a final solution to the "Quebec problem": the entire francophones of Manitoba could clear out to Quebec and leave Canada in peace. Most Franco-Manitobans do not feel that way. Separation they feel, would only be the beginning of the end, and a new beginning for their wilderness. And a walking outside comes—often happily—in many cases outweighs their feelings of loyalty to Quebec or any kind of French-Canadian cause.

While the English seems to be rising higher every day for those across the Red River, there remain reservations a mixture of leadership and possible accommodation. "For our survival, I think eventually we have to turn to Manicoba's 20,000 bilingual anglophones," says Marcoux. The lack of involvement on the part of Manitoba's French-speaking anglophones in things French is a criticism often heard.

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Similarly, some francophones were against withdrawing from general contemporary activity into linguistic and cultural isolation. Says Dr. Brian Agnew, a board member of St. Boniface Hospital: "To survive here we need a different approach and the greatest aid is moral: it is to become more involved and integrated in the francophone community."

As it happens, Henri Marteau is vice-president of the annual Festival de l'Anglais, held every February in St. Boniface. It's a time of pop songs, comics, dog shows, snowmobiling and snow sculptures. But, unusually, it was launched in 1961 by anglophone speakers. At first it attracted about 20,000 people annually, but now it brings in more than 200,000, most of them English-speaking, many of them visiting St. Boniface for the first time. "The odd thing is that they can't get enough Francophone shows," Marteau says. "Though francophones now control the [festival] board, there's been a reluctance to go too far and suddenly it too much. But the anglophones are the ones demanding it. I think some of the francophones are afraid if it keeps it they'll suddenly be too much. You know the old saying about 'speak white'?" Some of them have gone so far as giving out cranks that they're forgetting something important. ☐



St. Boniface's Lewis Hall: the sign reads "Boniface & Co." for the time being.



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The miracle worker

In hiring his daughter, Sam Steinberg chose well

By Hartley Steward

Word had already spread throughout the store: rapidly and eagerly. "It's Miriam! That's Miriam! That's her!"—that tiny lady in the middle. Sales girls nudged one another and giggled, leaping on a spot behind their counters to get a glimpse of the entrance drifting along the aisle. Around a corner, by men's wear, came Miss Debra and, indeed, she was looking shy in the middle—at four feet, 11½ inches in height, and weighing just 115 pounds, the vice-president and general manager of the Montreal-based Miracle Mart stands out—and not coincidentally—the daughter of Sam Steinberg, chairman of the board of the giant Steinberg's Limited supermarket chain, which owns Miracle Mart. By this time, everybody knows that

Debra has arrived, flustered by the store manager and one of his department heads, both six-footers who tower over her. Debra is wearing her arms and talking business. She demands to be told about the stylish new picture frames she's seeing stocked, whether the air equipment is still on display and why Miracle Mart isn't carrying a particular line of shoes. She is putting them on the spot, then on the crowded aisle on a busy Saturday afternoon while the sales girls giggle.

Harvard business school graduates would shudder at the textbook-like kind of behavior represents the ultimate ascendancy of the boss toward employees. It just isn't done. Especially, one supposes, if you are the boss's daughter. But a appear-

ance and the Harvard business school on wilderness, the store manager and his department head seem to be enjoying it too. No one, save an outside observer who could not possibly understand what's going on, is in the least embarrassed. It was Miss Debra, after all, who took over this shambolic wreck of a company four years ago when it was descending dangerously on the brink of bankruptcy, and gave it a sense of direction and pride and consequently saved the employees' jobs. And this typical scene in the crowded aisle, it turns out, shows how she did it. Here is where one begins to understand this Harriet Alger story turned upside down: all how the boss's daughter turned virtually as fast as, saved the company and in the end even achieved a different kind of celebrity by being appointed to the board of directors of the Royal Bank when pressures rose recently for the major Montreal banks to take females into their senior ranks.

Miss Debra is the eldest of the legendary Sam Steinberg's four daughters—the not some say, that "Mr. Sam," one of five sons of Mrs. Steinberg, who founded today's empire on the basis of a small grocery store opened in Montreal by his mother in 1912, never had. Whether that's accurate or not, Miss Debra was 41 before she ever worked an official day at the family business. But in the middle of the 1973 recession in Montreal, Mr. Sam met his daughter coming off the heels and in desperation asked her to join the troubled Miracle Mart division of the Steinberg empire.

It was a new idea, but a surprise to no one, including Debra. The Steinberg business has always been a family affair. For almost 60 years, the larger-than-life personality of Mr. Sam has moved the empire from success to failure and back to success. It still does. And always, when times get tough, he has turned to the family. Brothers, brothers-in-law, sons-in-law and nephews appear with clockwork regularity in executive positions. In the late Sixties, when the whole Steinberg operation was suffering at a steep drop in share value, the company began appointing over-enthusiastic and the question of how to choose a successor as president to Mr. Sam. His management committee begged him to consider someone from outside the family. "Sam" they pleaded, "you don't understand. Everybody is saying that the important decisions of this company aren't



Debra and her 'buddy': The first Debra was a very simple 'shape up or ship out'

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made by the management committee. They're made at the Stenberg family's Sunday night supper. That's what's holding us on." Unsurprisingly, Mr. Sam appointed Mr. Dobson, his son-in-law and Mr. Sam's first-born, to the presidency (The Dobson family lives in a large but not over-the-top house in Montreal's posh Town of Mount Royal district. The place has a deep passion for Canadian art and owns a collection of paintings by the Group of Seven that Miss Dobson is "fascinated." It is probably the largest privately owned collection of the Group held anywhere in Canada.)

By 1973, the food division of the company was healthy once again, reinforcing Mr. Sam's faith in his son. But the discount retail business of Missale Mart appeared to be struggling; one problem seemed to be a variety of management.

The Missale Mart Stores had to be reinforced with the Montreal Food Mart chain were launched in 1981 to take advantage of the popular Stenberg name in Quebec and other parts of eastern Canada. Unfortunately, Missale Mart was created by people who had previously specialized only in supermarkets. As a result, the Mart's featured low upon row of best-priced food with cheap sweaters and crumpled shirts. The quality was around the corner, were level and the philosophy was sales at all costs. Management to display clothing were ordered of and display retail goods upon announcing low, low prices. The company lost money for seven straight years. Between 1986 and 1993 it experienced a brief flurry of success then once again fell back into the red. It finished rudely under Mr. Sam once again, tamed to finally.

In 1973, 42-year-old Miss Dobson had plans to enter the family business in any division at any level. Her children, one daughter and two sons, were nearly grown up and she had finally completed a law degree at McGill University. (An earlier course in commerce was abandoned when marriage and children came along.) That year she was busy making plans to open up a law practice in partnership with several classmates. "This time," she recalls, "has been when I wasn't planning to get into the business. I always knew I would. When my father said, I knew—I had always known, deep down, that someday that's what I would do." Despite the fact she had never actually worked anywhere at the Stenberg empire she was far from unfamiliar with the problems and workdays of it. She always took an interest and there was never any shortage of opportunity around the Stenberg household to talk business. Mr. Sam once even said to take her along to one of his management meetings and she sometimes accompanied him on business trips. There are those now who explain her present success in terms of somewhat controversial opinions that Miss Dobson held place in the Stenberg home. Even so, when she came to Maricle Mart



Not bound by her desk, only tradition

it was in the tradition of second-generation employees everywhere. She started at the bottom, working as one of the 31 clerks, no matter how Missale's work. But Miss Dobson is not a humble person and that humble beginning lasted a mere three months. She decided she was quite qualified for the job of general manager. "I wanted and learned," she says. "I saw some of the disadvantages (and I decided I could make better decisions I thought when was needed was common sense and I had that."

And so once again a Stenberg took charge, but this was a Stenberg who had not been formally trained at the front desk—and so in many a complete outsider. The industry was a generalist lawyer who had done only a little legal aid work, a housewife and mother who admits having been inactive in her career to "the point of being ridiculous." A Stenberg with a background in benefit administration to present that her appointment to the general management seemed to crack of place old reports. Yet the fact remained that she was inheriting a Stenberg. Behind her was the magic and power of the name and the wealth of the empire. But more important, she seemed to possess a calm confidence, the deep accuracy and the familiarity with accounting that only comes from the kind of privileged upbringing that Miss Dobson knew. That is the kind of base from which during springs. It was from the perspective that Miss Dobson could approach the job of salvaging Maricle Mart's trouble.

The early decisions were tough and essential, the need for ruthless cost-cutting. The new general manager began with a fairly bloody purge. She called in her senior executives and laid out the line. "Miss Dobson had an investment in the company that deserved a return. I told them. The go to



Huddled with Corbett, view is different

ret goods and you've got to help me reach them. They knew it would take hard work and responsibility. If they didn't want to change old habits, I told them to look for another job."

As a result, no fewer than a dozen top-level people began looking for other jobs—some at Dobson's insistence, some of their own volition. Then Maricle Mart had been opening 13 merchandise managers. Today there are three. Of 60 buyers only 40 now remain. Months came crashing down. Boy John Franchard, who served as merchandising manager from senior buyer after she purge. "That was the feeling after a while that maybe everyone was going to go. You saw it all around and wondered who was going to be next. I knew I wondered."

Dobson admits that the "bloodbath" at The Farnsworth Firm turned it brought Maricle Mart morale to rock bottom. But she insists now, and nothing about the place before that that today morale is strong. "It had to be done," she says. "At the time there were too many people who thought the higher you were and the bigger your salary because the less responsibility you had to take. Even I knew the upside had to be true if they were going to work. The fact is they [company executives] were behaving as if there was no end to the money they had to spend." By 1975, the upheaval had ended and Maricle Mart had pulled back from the brink of bankruptcy and was breaking even.

Now on three or four Saturdays afternoon, Dobson has slipped her way through the snow and slush of suburban Montreal. She is making her customary Saturday visit of Maricle Mart stores. Her second stop is the Greenfield Park store and she is talking to store manager Pierre Corbett, who despite his young looks has been with the company for 15 years. He is a member of a store now on row of new branches, is pleased to the limit. The store is packed with customers, but Dobson is not here to sit and wait. She waits among other things, to know about the business and the store. She is interested. Her bright blue eyes are slight

and the movement of her eyes threatens to lift her chin and body right off the ground. How come, she wants to know, the sales are among unsatisfied this year? Pierre allows he doesn't know. They come that way and he doesn't like it. "Sales" is decreased," he says. "I just don't understand it." She takes out her little leather-bound notebook and makes a note. "Till call and see about this." Corbett nods and smiles.

About the shift? It is true he's selling some brand-name goods for \$20 less than a local sporting goods store. How can he do that? And why don't we have the Farnsworth that the other store has? Aren't they

pretty popular? Pierre Corbett is not intimidated by the lady boss. He is a confident young man and seems to relish the challenge. "Farnsworth," he says, in a soft French-Canadian accent, "I would see only in local office. I have year to year. I would know what anyone was doing. Someone would send me some merchandise and I would do my best to sell it. Now I have someone to talk to about the merchandise, someone to complain to, someone who will do something about it. We get things done around here now."

Dobson talks to everyone. About everything. And she asks questions in the man-



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ner of a woman obsessed by the need for answers. Some of her questions may sound simplistic in cold print, but they don't in conversation. "I don't really know how to explain it," says Ben Halpern, her general merchandise manager.

But it's as though her questions delve one step deeper than most. She keeps delving deeper with more questions. You can't say to her, "Well, that's the way it's done." She wants to know why it's done that way and not some other way. You can't take some way through anything with her. I learned one thing about Mimi very quickly. If you don't know the answer, you better admit you don't know. Because she'll keep asking questions until it becomes pretty obvious that you don't know.

Says regional manager Peter Mauri, who meets with Dobson at least once a week: "She listens to people at the same as every level. She listens to everyone. Her door is always open. She gets you involved in everything. It's hard to explain exactly, but if I have a problem I simply tell her. Together we try to solve it. It is very easy with her." John Presland calls her the "greatest manager the overseas store's involved" in and she's learned the most amazing details of the business. I have yet to see an employee who is not moved by her enthusiasm to try new approaches.

Dobson's skills are proven in the role of the company hierarchy as well. Rachel Malo, president of the Quebec Labor Federation-affiliated union that represents Miracle Mart employees in Montreal, says that "Mimi Dobson is a relentless winner and has made miracles at Miracle Mart. She comes into the store and tells to the sales women, who like her. They even get their pictures taken with her." But Malo admits that in 1974 Miracle Mart employees did have to strike to win continued discounts and the perks that came with it.

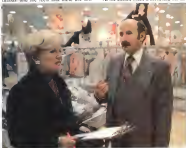


Inspecting the merchandise with Gerbell (above) and conferring with the manager of the Local store, André Lavallée (below), more important than cosmetics change is the fact that the staff now knows there's somebody up there listening.

problem arising from the fact that "management doesn't always interpret the collective agreement very well." Despite that, Malo is inclined to view her boss as something close to "the ideal woman." Investment analyst Martin Kaufman observes that "Miracle Mart is relevant to Ben Halpern's is not yet making a big profit. But Mimi Dobson has cut out a lot of dead wood and succeeded in getting a team to grow and creating an identity for the place."

At the cabinet, when Dobson had the wis-

dom to sort of her questions, she says the worst looking for solutions. The long sales and the hours of the best of the customers off from the merchandise she thought, so she hired the New York firm of store-designers Copeland, Nixson & Local. The firm's design disappeared to be placed by the store. Mauri says the firm's design was to be placed by the store. Mauri says the firm's design was to be placed by the store. Mauri says the firm's design was to be placed by the store.



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The World

Zaire: those who fought and ran away have returned to fight another day



The spirited, gunshy African greeted us forward angrily in his chair. "There are 80,000 of them, intruders and rebels, inside Zaire who have come and so lost this region, to destroy our economy and our country. There are many Cubans and Russians with them. We can tell by the writing on their forearms. But our forces have killed many of them because we work."

And Zaire's army chief of staff, Captain General Bemba Mwaanga Dongo, noted back into his chair, smiling.

That dismissal of the rebellion in the mineral-rich Shaba province—the latest chapter for postcolonial East-West competition in Africa—has turned out to be a naïve optimism. The campaign by former politicians from the province—once called Katanga, has consumed a total of six important towns and the rebels are now apparently, if slowly, moving down the road toward the "Rainbow"—the Gecomas Copper Company complex known as One of the richest mineral workings in the world, its precious copper, cobalt, manganese, phosphorus, gold, germanium and a host of lesser minerals.

This particular mine—from which are extracted 950,000 tons of copper a month—could be the key to the resource-rich African country's future. Already in grave economic trouble, Zaire depends on the mineral-rich Shaba to bail it out. Loss of the Gecomas complex—five adjoining "pits" so colorful and deep that they resemble the Grand Canyon—might be just

enough to squeeze the 12-year-old, authoritarian government of President Mobutu Sese Seko out of office.

The Katangans are estimated to be just 25 miles from Katanga, the town that has grown up around the mine, and their chances of moving in appear good. General Bemba's revision lists and figures—especially those about the number and protect of foreign troops of which there is no proof yet—appear highly exaggerated in comparison with well-sourced intelligence from Mobutu's army garrisons.

The Katangans have been fighting for 13 years—since five days after Zaire, then known as the Belgian Congo, gained independence in 1960 and Katanga's governor, Moïse Tshombe, announced secession. When his teenage field, five years later, Tshombe's 6,000-strong police force crossed into neighboring Angola, where it joined the Portuguese colonial army's fight against anti-independence guerrillas. A decade later, after the coup that ousted the Lisbon dictatorship and paved the way for Angola's freedom, the Katangans joined the Marxist liberation faction, the MPLA, and fought in the three-way Angolan civil war in 1975-76. The deal, arranged by the departing Portuguese, was that the experienced Katangans would help the fledgling MPLA in exchange for later backing for another go in Shaba.

That campaign opened on March 11 with the seizure of three separate but strategically

Government troops in Katanga they took well-armed and dangerous enough, but in the crunch the guerrillas are a safer bet

new attacks of three towns in Zaire's southeast corner. Within hours, the Polis of the National Front for Liberation of the Congo which claims to represent the Katangans, announced the attack was aimed at overthrowing Mobutu. Within days the Katangans, estimated by Western sources to number somewhere near 1,200, easily took three more towns.

The rebel guerrillas, apparently well-armed and disciplined, have obviously learned many lessons in their 13-year exile. Once a defeated enemy, they have become professionals, with the added advantage that a second generation has been brought up in the ways of war and, in the process, has been "polititized" by parents determined to return to their homeland. But arguably the most important factor in the Katangans' favor is tribal loyalty. They are predominantly from the Lunda "tribe," a fierce, tightly-knit tribe that never has recognized Zaire's national boundaries, nor its national government. Their leader is still their chief, not Daniel Ilombwe Mobutu's younger brother.

Ilombwe makes it clear that the Lunda are supporting the Katangans' rebels, supplying food and shelter, moving only when Zaire troops—largely from other tribes outside the region—come in. Just before the former army headquarters town

People



Stacey and Majors at *Sarah Jane* Village a matter of innocence, and also violence

In 1946 the Olsen for best supporting actor went to Harold Russell for *The Best Year of Our Lives*. Russell, who actually lost his hands in World War II, played the part of a man who had lost his hands in the war, it was his only film part. Ampuse actor remains here. However **Jenna Stacey** who looks like a girl and left legs in a motorcycle accident a couple of years ago, has been able to find work. He is currently co-star in *Lee Majors* in a new made-for-television series called *A Matter of Time* (formerly which is being filmed at the Sarah Jane Village on moon near Russell. Alberta. What is most remarkable about this aspect of Stacey's comeback, is that he's not merely called on to act, but as well in the story he and his buddy Majors fight on the Vietnam War. Stacey's wounds—no matter for his are painful—and Majors as Majors, he becomes a drunk. Majors finds him a bit, helps him learn to live again, he meets girl, lives happily ever after. Sarah Jane Village was chosen for the filming because it is said to have the best look on New American. But by coincidence, it also happens to be situated by a double anyone named **Jenna Doe** who is herself one of the first disabled kids in the world—a fact that Universal Pictures was apparently unaware of when they contacted her a host young. Stacey lost the lower parts of both legs seven or eight years ago. He walked down from a place called in the Rockies, but his wife left in gangrene, fired with prosthesis, he was back on the slopes the following year. One more coincidence: Stacey will host the Informational Spectacular for Disabled Skiers later this month, with companions including the blind, from eight countries.

What does **Roger Vadim** have that other men don't? It is impossible to say. Anyway, a question with a far more interesting answer is: when has Roger Vadim had that other man would clearly love to have? Vadim with the series: **Brigitte Bardot**, **Annette Bening**, **Jane Fonda** and most recently **Catherine Schauder**. All have **Ursula Andress** and **Colleen Dewhurst**. Having just split from Schauder, the producer-director and writer-director (*My Darling Clementine*) is back in the studio. Whom do you give to the man when he had even?



Vadim with **Fonda** (left) and **Dewhurst** (right) tag them in no trouble, but long time

In 1976 **Ready, Steady, Go!** jumped from the Queen. With following a prolonged dispute with **Bertie Carraway** and the two superstars (not so among a description) of Canadian rock music, a deep and dark twist turned far years. There, but wonder they began a reconciliation that has developed to the point where they are working together on Carraway's new album, can-



Carraway and Backman on hand tonight

ready being out in Los Angeles, and even talking about writing together again. But while Backman has returned a friend, he has also lost a partner which was making during a previous recording session. There had been rumors that he'd offered a \$30,000 reward for his return, but apparently that was not so. "I'm losing a partner," he philosophized. "It's sad, but a couple of months later you find one just as well."

In Canada if someone is applying for an official name change he must, by law, publish prior notice of his intention. That following appeared in the Toronto *Star* on April 13: "Take notice that **John Malacca**, also known as **Isabelle Malacca**, **Harry Ansgore Malacca**, **Constantine Malacca** and **Ephraim Malacca** also known as **Myra Malacca** from date in application to change their names to **John Magnusson**, **Harry Ansgore Magnusson**, **Constantine Magnusson**, and **Ephraim Magnusson**. Would should clarify things.

Sports

The Canadiens aren't so tough. Hell, they lost eight games, didn't they?

In this cynical era of professional sport, when even excellence is being rendered exact by exposure, then-again and anti-industry athletes on long-term contracts, the Montreal Canadiens remain the great dynasty. A sports myth is not built around one great player, or even a few great players. In foundation is consensus: professional—front top to bottom. Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers had it. So did the basketball Boston Celtics during the Bob Cousy-Bill Russell era. And so did the Canadiens of the late 1950s and early 1960s. It is group greatness—an entire team driving itself to the limit, day after day, not just to win, but to pursue excellence, dominating each game with the chaotic wide open and the tank closed down to the front. A goal team plays well in attack. A great team plays well all the time trying to surpass itself when there is no one else left to beat. Which is exactly what the Canadiens did when the National Hockey League stretch their long after they had a lock in the Prince of Wales Trophy.

An outstanding competition emerged the Canadiens of 1976-77 leading against the Canadiens of 1978-79 who had won more games (58) and finished with more points (127) than any team in recent history. The 1975-76 club had lost only 11 times in 81 games; won the Norm Durocher 42 points, the Prince of Wales Trophy 14 points, the Stanley Cup as well. 15 games, losing only once to the Islanders and sweeping Chicago and Philadelphia. How could the 1976-77 club top that? With an understated team that dropped in 12 goals because the 1976-77 schedule ended. With a virtually unsung playmaker Guy Lafleur racking up 61 points in his last 25 games on route to his second straight scoring championship. With Steve Stastny firing thirty-four goals in the campaign. In the end, the Canadiens' season was all the same. With Ken Dryden and Barry LaSalle looking up the Victoria Trophy and allowing the opportunity only 12 goals in the ten-game games. That's how.

When the season was over and in the playoffs began, quite a case could be made for this being the greatest Canadian team of all—at least, until next year's edition. This is what it will have to be: right, lost only at 50 games, 60 was an unprecedented 122 points, only one loss in 66 home games, 27 was on the road. All six records.

This year's club won the Norm Durocher 69 points, seven more than in 1976. It was the Prince of Wales Trophy by 26



Spent (left) and Lafleur (right) as impressive? On Les Habs that word applies to an ace

points, an more than the previous year. Its longest losing streak was one in a row. It didn't lose a game to any other team (it is the Natus Division). In fact 12 of the Canadiens' 17 opponents, including the New York Islanders and Philadelphia Flyers—two of the few "quality" net teams—never beat Montreal once all season. The Canadiens broke or set 19 league and club records, and for a team that seemed defenseless and had its second straight season to prove it, the Canadiens also scored a club-record 387 goals. Coach Scott Bowman was quick to tell reporters that the records wouldn't mean a thing once the playoffs began, but his point was written all over his face after the schedule wrapped up in Washington. "Eighty games, all this talking, and only eight losses. And I can look back and think of a game or two we shouldn't have lost. That's incredible."

It is a team made incredible for opposing coaches to want to their players that a team better only eight times in a whole season can suddenly be beat four times in a case series. Although Philadelphia, Boston, Bruins, Buffalo Sabres and the Islanders were usually conceding another Stanley Cup to Montreal, virtually every hockey fan was. So were the bookmakers who established the odds on the game, but the favorites. What makes the Canadiens go? With two consecutive scoring championships and three consecutive 50 goal-plus seasons under his belt, Guy Lafleur is beyond doubt the prime player in the NHL today. But talented as he is, Lafleur would be the first to admit that the Canadiens would probably sweat all without him. Under the Bowman system there is no indispensable man. Captain Yves Courmeyer for example, underwent back surgery last in one season, and missed the season. And the league's wildest hit, Phil Malachuk, a 100 plus point man two seasons running, suddenly found himself removed from between Lafleur and Stastny in December and shared with fourth line, which his former teammates regarded their most predictable season without him. Gordie Dryden explained the motivation: "Management is extremely demanding of us. To them there is only one place and that's first place. If you're not in uniform, if you want to stay here and play here, it's not enough just to have the ability. You have to produce."

But with that credo in the dozen superb two-way forwards and the rock-solid defense, the heart of the Canadiens club the Bruins—often first on score, 17 200 pounds or more, big, tough, mobile and offensive-minded. Gary Larsson, Guy Lafleur and Serge Savard are, in a word magnificent. It's by club, 12 Canadiens more than last year. Their average season has 190 goals. All but last season, 30, and only only team in Jimmy Roberts is over 31. Yet the players can't be blamed for looking anxiously over their shoulders, because their top fans club is the New York Islanders. From the part of the American Hockey League, boasting among other things the top goals, top defencemen and top rookie in the league. Then there's the chief assistant general manager, Sam Pollock, wading in the swamp with seven divisions in the first three rounds of the playoffs last year. It's great to be young and be a Canadian, but if a player can't defend with that unstable team for excellence, he won't be one for long.

JOHN MCKEE WRITES

You really can't tell the players without a program—with one notable exception

Sports column by Robert Miller

We learn about members in the odder ways and most unlikely places. One July night in 1974 I walked into a crowded avenue in the Plaza district of Athens, looking over vine leaves and a bottle of Domestika. The bartender asked if I minded sharing a table and seated me beside two young guys who turned out to be journalists from Helsinki in Greece to report on the collapse of the country's regime. We had a serious language problem, but eventually they introduced themselves by name and nationality. When I said I was from Canada, an astonishing thing happened: the Plaza burst into loud roared pumped up, offered their hands, and used exclusively in writing. "Miki (Canada) Phil (Español)" Not Them: Tradica, Not Gorden Lightfoot, Not Mercedes Bachler. Not even Buzing and But, But Phil Español, the global Canadian.

It was the afternoon, a day of events, who took it to the Russians in the basement 1972 hockey arena an achievement that given the Finns' history of the Soviet, qualified him for mention as a hero in Helsinki. It was also Expo who administered a harsh, nose-blowing to the Canadian people (and thereby unified not only a collection of one-of-a-kind hockey stars but also briefly the nation itself) after the threatened loss of Vancouver had forced the last Team Canada out of the rest of the Pacific. Coloured New York City, the spring of 1977 and the autumn of last winter, it is Expo again to whom the nation has turned in its hour of need. Life in Canada, constant coach and, curiously as it appears, only the supervisor member of Team Canada 77.

The day the players left for Europe and the world hockey championships in Vienna (April 23-May 10) Phil Español was impaled—and invited if he'd had a long and disappointing year playing as much as he would have liked in the Canada Cup tournament last fall and not finding his New York Yankees also even the first round of the Stanley Cupplay off "Jazz." He sighed, "I've been on skates since the night of August 1, but now we go against those Russians and Canada the old adage will start to flow: 'I'm needed badly,' though, whether Expo's admission of leadership abilities would be enough. Team No-Nation Expo dubbed the club Team Newfoundland, entered a Toronto resident. On the paper and in the flesh it was the southern Team Canada yet weaker even than the 1974 version from the World Hockey Association which managed only one win in eight entertaining games



despite the original roster included non-members of the Cleveland Browns, the Rangers, the Vancouver Canucks and several players from Washington, Denver, Detroit and even the retired list (Dallas Smith and Ron Fitch). Indeed, Español took pains to ensure the team's on-ice status (and the press are brief) of overseas licensed and even said at one point that he would not be surprised if Team Canada finished fourth in an eight-nation tournament that included such powerhouses as Romania and West Germany. To Expo, such talk amounted to irony: "I don't go anywhere to lose," he growled.

In fact, Español's public persona was little more than a psychological ploy designed to put the team in a "can't-lose" position. Deep down, Español, general manager Derek Holman and coach Jacques Lemaire of the rocky Colorado national players of winning the whole thing. They planned to outfit an army of 15 additional players to Europe as teams were eliminated from Stanley Cup play. This meant that the final lineup of 20 would be picked from a list of 35 men of all whom should be in peak physical condition after the grueling National Hockey League schedule. While most sportsmen and study fans gave Canada virtually no chance, knowledgeable hockey men were certain. Given their grueling and a little lackluster New York team might yet make a name for itself. Among others, Sam Pollack, general manager at the Montreal Forum and the chief architect of last fall's Canada Cup victory, thought so. Of course, much advanced planning went into the Canada Cup operation, even the schedule was worked out in Canada's favor to say nothing of the advantages of playing at home before adoring crowds.

This year's Team Canada has a thousand together look about it. The players are strange but and most have the Stanley. So-vents and Canada before going to the "beastly" games against the Finns, West Germany and Romania. Canada expects the tournament again in June U.S.A. On one point, the leaders agreed and put the odds and guess turned on the official Canada blue crest which means that regardless of how good it was, the club was at its representative the entire, literally under labor (and, well, coach Wilson was able to say "I am sure we will come back successful") and Español, whom the Eagle has landed in a potentially embarrassing situation, was able to respond with his famous "hockey stars and stars." "I expect to win. I am an expert on beer."

Business

The big companies really love competition, right? Well, not exactly



Last November, the K.C. Irving network, which owns every English-language daily newspaper in New Brunswick, were acquired by the Supreme Court of Canada on charges of forming a monopoly.

The session, the Crown was unable to prove that the situation created an "undue" element to the public. The decision, hailed as a victory by supporters for business across the country, now is being used by the federal government to justify its latest attempt to reform Canada's antiquated competition law, tightening the rules governing corporate mergers and monopolies.

It is hoped, however, that the new law will be more active in seeking prices for their products. More aggressive price competition, the government insists, should eventually help slow the rate of one-way increases in consumer prices, a whole range of goods from tobacco to cars and gasoline.

After 15 years of study, debate, delays and setbacks in preparing the proposed legislation, Ottawa now seems headed for the same kind of clock work by business that has thwarted most efforts to change the national competition in the past. Bill C-42, the new competition bill, was introduced in the Commons in March by Conservative Affairs Minister Tony Abbott. Among other things it would set up a competition board to oversee all mergers and control monopolies in Canada, while updating the provisions in the existing law, introduced in 1970 by then labor minister Mackenzie King. The bill is considered by the government to be a crucial part of its program after wage and price controls are ended, replacing entrenched laws with the discipline of the marketplace. But big business is quite happy with the bill, which prohibits only those mergers and monopolies that "unduly" affect the mar-

ket. The restrictive language of the legislation has enabled the courts to interpret the provisions narrowly and there has been only one conviction on a merger case in the 65-year life of the present law.

Meanwhile, Canada has seen the development in some areas of oligopolies where a few firms dominate the market (a chart) and the result, say economists, is a lack of price competition among firms.

The oligopolies, the output in the Canadian market were more than 70% accounted for by four top companies in the field.

Tobacco	85.1
Beer	86.3
Sugar	93.3
Motor vehicles	83.3
Cement	83.3
Petroleum (refined)	82.0
Distilled liquor	79.7
Iron and steel	77.7
Alumina	73.4

That is not to say that companies actually fix prices. But they are less likely to compete on the basis of price, choosing instead to battle over styles, service, and sales pitches. That may be one reason why prices in Canada have been historically higher than in the United States which has much tougher competition laws. American economist Joe Baas calls it "the Canadian game."

In 1974, Ron Bladon, then minister of consumer affairs, introduced legislation similar to Bill C-42, but it was smothered by the big business lobby and dropped, along with Bladon himself, who was charged to the status of a political prisoner. The new bill is a compromise which of Bladon's bill and adds a few more measures considered unacceptable by big business (including a provision for consumer "class action" law suits against price fixers).

The business lobby against Bill C-42 will take place both in public, in the form of speeches and letters, and in private in meetings with MPs and cabinet ministers. Special targets will be Abbott, Finance Minister Donald Macdonald, Conservative Leader Joe Clark, and Prime Minister Brian Mulroney himself. It is the forefront of the lobby against the bill is the country's newspapers, which rank among the most powerful of non-manufacturing industries. Their shareholders in PetroCanada, and Thorco—account for more than 50% of the daily newspaper circulation in Canada and in some cases and provinces, newspapers have virtual monopolies. Perhaps because of this, Bill C-42 was greeted by numerous critical editorialists. Reporters have also come under pressure at the past few days and publishers to write negative stories about changes in competition

policy. The Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association has retained I. J. Mahoney, one of Canada's top lawyers, to write a brief in support of Bill C-42. This is said to be a flood of briefs to vary and submit members from trade associations.

Beyond the newspapers and the trade organizations are two more groups. One, known as the "Bucko group," is a gathering of 14 companies whose sole purpose in joining together is to lobby against changes in competition policy. This driving force behind the group is Jim Younger, general counsel for the Steel Co. of Canada (Stelco). Hence the name, Says Younger: "I have a fair far worse bill than anything I anticipated." The other group is more mysterious. Its spokesman is Bill Macdonald. John Turner's law partner in Toronto. He refuses to name his clients, although one source says there are as many as 18 companies that remain true to word against changes in competition policy. Says Macdonald of Bill C-42: "There could be no less steady attention to introducing new uncertainties, new regulatory threats to industries that are not doing well."

For its part, the government has been busy cultivating its own lobby in favor of the bill. The 130,000-member Canadian Association of Canada already the recipient of more than \$300,000 in visits from the government will pay an extra \$40,000 to prepare a favorable brief. The official Canadian Federation of Independent Business (small business lobby) that has been given credibility by the government's readiness to hear its views, is expected to support Bill C-42. John Bell, the "baldy as beautiful" president of the federation who has polled his 41,000 members has been known to support the bill, says. "If we don't support it, I'll be the only one." But we can make the effect of a concerned opposition to the bill feel.

While the fight over Bill C-42 rages on, the government still seems to be a little hesitant on the subject, holding the bill while at the same time encouraging the merger of such companies as Canadian General Electric and General Steel Works to create bigger companies with more clout on international markets. Just 13 months ago Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, in his now-famous interview on CTV and the threat of John Kenneth Galbraith had "permitted" his thoughts and that the "free market system" will not work any more. Galbraith's visit and his advice are known in the United States as wise, thus useless because they encourage the public that this free market is being pushed when in fact it does not exist in any real sense. But he seems to have been told even less. Galbraith's subsequent, entirely pessimistic comments.

MANLY BOMBER

Photo of an athlete: Photo: Sports Illustrated. Photo of a man: Photo: Sports Illustrated. Photo of a woman: Photo: Sports Illustrated. Photo of a man: Photo: Sports Illustrated. Photo of a woman: Photo: Sports Illustrated.

Half empty/half full



JOYA coffee beans, a symbol of the coffee industry's struggle.

only advised its largely well-meaning and perhaps to start cultivating such an substitutes in themselves and later blossom. In Uganda President Idi Amin's soldiers are reported to have burned alive a gang of coffee smugglers they caught on an island at Lake Nyanza. In the United States, soaring coffee prices set off a boycott movement, coffee serves and inevitably a price-hoarding run on tea. In Canada, the price of raw coffee beans went from 66 cents a pound in July 1975 to \$2.65 in March 1977, making retail coffee—and tea—costs up before it. The 30-cent coffee has become a reality and may soon be a bit of a reality in the half-buck cup market.

It is difficult to recall when one recalls that for 13 years from 1947 to 1970 the price of raw beans was unchanged—one of the cheapest items in the shopping basket. Coffee has hardly moved on the commodity exchanges since 1974. The undisturbed world has come to realize painfully in the case of oil, that producer nations of raw commodities are now aware of their power in the international marketplace.

It is true that the present coffee spread began with those in Brazil that started the 1975 harvest, and that other accidents—the Angolan civil war, the Guatemalan earthquake, had weather in Colombia and natural difficulties in Uganda—contributed

to the shortage. (Brazil, which normally supplies one third of the world's coffee needs, had its 1976 crop cut by two thirds) but the coffee market is unlikely to return to its former price levels.

Brazil now wants to restrict its exports to 12 million bales a year to conserve its own supplies and has used export taxes recently to achieve that aim, and the International Coffee Organization predicts that, over September, world stocks will be down to seven million bales. A year ago the figure was 13 million bales, of which eight million came from Brazil, while two years ago stocks were a comfortable 35 million bales, with 25 million from Brazil.

As for the United States, the world's biggest producer, it is drinking 10% more of its output than five years ago, and it too may want to reduce exports to keep domestic prices down, the Middle East has added considerably to world demand, and there has been a big switch to tea-drinking in North America as a result of the rising price of coffee. The International Tea Committee calculated the world shortfall for 1976 at 25 million to 30 million bales.

So the speculator cannot be blamed for the rise in coffee prices, and tea is the one commodity in which there is no futures market. Tea does not keep as long as coffee—hence it is being worried not to hoard it for that reason—and there are so many different types that it would be well enough impossible to set a "standard" such as all futures markets require.

But that investment in commodity futures is necessarily seen as an evil by the markets—for that is it. For that reason, it is a real danger to a market between hedging and speculation. A chocolate manufacturer, say, who hedges its cocoa futures to stabilize his accounting for a year ahead and keeps prices at a predictable level is doing his job as a business, not as a speculator. A speculator, however, is doing his job as a speculator, not as a business. A speculator can guard against sudden falls in crop values by selling on the futures market. Even the speculator has a healthy respect for the market, and the market is to take risks that an accountable business cannot.

Where things can, and sometimes do, go wrong is in the temptation of vast speculative dreams. Markets have been upset by producers and consumers reacting to such temptations. Remember, March milk hit around \$51 a million on the cream market a few years ago and the collapse of the Paris sugar market, in 1974, was brought about by a big producer increasing price levels.

On the other side of the commodity market are the good men, and they have begun to look on the recent price hikes especially in coffee. In Mexico, dry poor coffee growers are able, for a change, to mix their work with their beans and in Guatemala small planters are shipping for TV sets and modern farm equipment. The industrial world's ill wind is blowing somebody some good.

CHARLIE KENNEDY



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New Tackard Casuals. By Kaufman



MANLY BOMBER

Science

Bugs, it appears, are literally their own worst enemies

A discovery by a Florida pest-control consultant named Michael Sipe has given a glimmer of hope to gardeners plagued by the high cost of chemical sprays—and by the fact that so many insecticides are toxic to the staff. Sipe, the agronomist graduate with some credit to credit a master's degree in entomology, has developed a simple method of using harmful insects without using conventionally risky pesticides, which are expensive and sometimes ineffective. Although there is no ready scientific agreement on why Sipe's system works, there is little doubt that it does. It might even, one day, prove the answer to Canada's costly war against the spruce budworm.



Sipe: the only good bug is a dead bug

The Sipe "biome-racidy" method is simple: he uses his kitchen blender to grind up bugs of the species he wants to eliminate, dilutes the paste with water and sprays. The result, the "racemy" dilute, work like fly traps. Sipe's sprays are simple. Sipe describes his spray as "bug paste" and says he is excited by the response he's had since publishing his findings last fall in *Gardener's Gardening and Farming magazine*. (His *Woo-Ping*, a United Nations agency official, wants to say he'd say Sipe's method on a rice cultivation project in Liberia, some of other readers want to say they'd successfully used his method on such everyday pests as aphids, beetles, root-knots, etc.)

The "biome-racidy" dates back to 1974, when Sipe was working with Francis Lawton, a retired U.S. Department of Agriculture entomologist, on a search of alternatives to chemical pesticides. Sipe had experienced with chemical sprays, including up their bodies and spraying their targeted insects on other bugs. He achieved encouraging results, and Lawton wrote an article about it. Several American gardeners read Sipe's method, but one woman reader in Maryland, and, ground, up healthy insects, eggs and larvae. It worked too. Excited, Sipe experimented further and now reports: "If a disease is specific to one type of insect, then it's best to present it at all times to some of the population. That means I need to be healthy bugs. Once the healthy bugs are available, he says, the disease-causing agents (pathogens) are freed to infect other healthy bugs.

From that the method might release harmful diseases that could be spread to people appear to be unfounded. According to Sipe: "These types of insects are not vectors [carriers] of human disease. But the bug paste couldn't be used in investigations of those insects that would be a po-

tential for infection to humans," says Professor R. G. Denny, chairman of the biology department at Toronto's York University. "There's not much chance of pathogens being spread as long as the insect isn't carrying a human disease." The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency agrees, but because the use has strict rules for each pathogen, Sipe's "bug paste" might not be commercially exploitable. Says Sipe: "There are thousands of pathogens. It'd be a hundred years to test them all. Sipe is writing a 30-page "how-to" guide which he intends to print and distribute. He adds: "It's not a widely tested cure all, but it is a unique control method that has vast potential."

DEAN PARSONS

Messenger of the gods

Unidentified flying objects (UFOs) are persistent, if nothing else. It has been 50 years since the phrase "flying saucers" was coined, and despite considerable official statements rejecting the theory that they might be manifestations of extraterrestrial life from other worlds, Gallup polls show the public remains eager to believe the con-

spiracy. Even the traditional resistance of scientists seems to be crumbling. A recent survey of members of the American Astronomical Society revealed that 53% of those left in 1977 should be seriously re-examined (the U.S. and the United States suspended major government-funded UFO research in 1969 after years of inconclusive study).

All of this is great for the reason that of San Francisco nuclear physicist Stanton T. Friedman, 42, who has made a name for himself as Dr. Flying Saucer and he is a bit of a U.S. and Canadian champion. On his recent tour of Ontario and Quebec he was unopposed. "After 18 years of study and investigation I am convinced that the evidence is overwhelming that such a being visited by intelligently controlled extraterrestrial vehicles."

Some flying saucers are undoubtedly what's known as "Friedman's saucers" and arguments seem to be convincing that in 1977 Friedman says he has only encountered seven bodies. "Those who say we aren't being visited conveniently overlook published scientific studies which show that types from such to nearby stars are feasible with the knowledge we have today, without violating the laws of physics and with round-trip travel times shorter than 50 years."

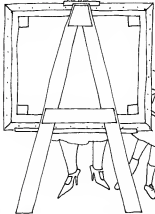
Friedman, a professional systems expert who works on the Pioneer spacecraft that are now exploring the outer solar system, turned to learning and research in 1968 "because so few other scientists have been willing to confront themselves on public." Almost immediately he became the public large crowd, and he has a high ranking with the U.S. National Entertainment & Campus Activities Association, a college speakers' bureau. It's no surprise Friedman's message draws. Gallup reported in 1974 that 53% of all adult Canadians believe that UFOs are real and not the product of imagination or hallucination. Friedman says that although 80% of UFO "sightings" turn out to be planets, satellites, aircraft or other explainable phenomena, there remain an estimated 30,000 sightings that cannot be explained in natural terms. "Reports gathered from around the world," indicate that more objects are both unexplained and under investigation control." Nevertheless, proof remains elusive. A "sighting" in Canada occurred in March 1977 in January, where a "sawyer" was reported to have landed on an apartment building's roof. Within a circle of the scene. But before scientists could investigate, the saucer had disappeared.

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Fashion

If nothing else, they do leave something to the imagination

A major cover-up is underway in swimsuits, where very little is going to be seen. The year's high fashion swimsuits comes in one piece of clinging second-skin fabric and features a high arched leg and either one shoulder strap or none at all. It's called the mackit and it's challenging the bikini. Designers say a one-piece flatters the figure by concealing it and provides a sleek swimsuit that the two-piece no longer can. "The String and the Thong showed as much body as they possibly could," says Toronto swimsuit designer Loui Boudou. "Now fashion's going the other way."

Many bikini lovers have been converted to mackits by the new lightweight lycra material being used. It stretches up and



down, moves with the body and is also firm. It once drew quickly. Boudou says that as recently as three years ago most mature women wouldn't wear a swimsuit without a built-in bra. But the new expanding fabric and careful construction are so popular that Sea Queen, the largest Canadian swimwear brand, now divests 40% of its business to bra-less suits. General manager Mori Guttler says women are also delighted to discard the "bustier short" leg, which often produces bulges, in favor of the high-cut leg and soft lines of the mackit.

Then there's the catch: many of this year's swimsuits are not designed for swimming. While the string "bikini" are no problem for swimming, camouflaged white marks left by straps, women who forget to do a special safety string before diving.

The Diaper (far left) runs about \$45, and the matching robe adds another \$45. **The Raga** (left) shows more but costs less at about \$28. For those who want to pay for the Halston name, the **Seneca** and **Tuba** (below) each go for about \$60.




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soon find their tale whipped around their ankles. And the one-shoulder swimming suit, a seduced sunbather. Designers respond to all charges of appropriating by saying that women these days buy three bathing suits: one for swimming, one for tanning, and one for sitting by the pool and looking beautiful.

In the end, is the bikini in sight? Just two years ago boutiques sold seven bikinis for every three one-piece suits; this year it's one for one. The bikini is clearly on the decline, but the trend is less loved will probably never be revived. Designers' notes report that many young consumers are already complaining there aren't enough bikinis in a market flooded with models. Older women now wear both styles: the one-piece with straps down (handsome style for swimming) and the bikini with a ruffle and a bow (a la Canadian designer Martine Brodeur) has come up with its own variations on these themes. The Ruffe, the bikini of glitzy gold marbled held on with the tenderness of straps, and the Ruffe, a bikini with a ruffle up that pulls down to the legs for optimal sunbathing.

Accompanying the bathing suit to the beach this year is a whole movement of cover-up coordinates—ponchos, robes, turbans, skirts and vests—that double as cocktail loungewear. Last year, American swimwear manufacturers added two beachwear covers-ups for every swimsuit. This year the trend is reaching the Canadian market, where suits now sell one accessory per two suits. Says designer Brodeur: "Older women are no longer dumb of a moment alone. You add the turbid or some or long skirt and you have an outfit for dinner. When you are off it, you use the swimsuit as well."

The most popular with 1977's winter cruise set was the George model by New York designer Helson. After the fashion wrap-and-pull outfit was displayed in a two-page spread in *Women's Paper*, and *Woman's* magazine, rushed to Canada and brought in two shipments of the suit. Helson's designer swimsuits range in price from about \$40 to \$100 and covers-ups from \$40 to \$200. That's 40% more than they cost off the rack at Saks Fifth Avenue. Priced at from \$20 to \$50 each, Canadian-made suits and accessories are less expensive, but still about 15% more than they were last year. Eaton's sponsor department manager Henschel North says people are prepared to pay more for individuality. "Gone are the days when everyone lying down on the beach had the same headline."

As for the bargain hunters, they are advised by June September. **MIKE MACRETH**

The Sophisticate and the Kismet (top left and right) are about \$14 each, and represent the 'You're' and the 'You're' of this year's suits. The Ruffe (far left) is only \$20 and has the advantage of a top that can move up and down



One of the best references a restaurant can have



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La Tour d'Argent

excellent sources tempt the most discriminating palate.

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One of the best references you can have



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Justice

The Demeter Affair: a crime for its time

By Barbara Amiel

Earlier crime and war movies still so vivid from the Supreme Court of Canada on whether Ontario real estate developer Peter Demeter should be granted a new trial for the bizarre murder of his beautiful wife, Christine. Predictions of a decision by April were quickly revised to express "hope of a judgment before the court's summer recess." What will surprise was the grip the case had on the public imagination, considering Demeter was serving a life sentence at Millhaven Penitentiary and it was 35 years since the murder itself. Even the dry technical arguments of Demeter's Supreme Court appeal in February made news across the country. "What is it about this case that fascinate people?" asked weary defense lawyer Edward I. Greenpeace at the end of the appeal. "I just don't understand it." Though the effluence of the case might elude Greenpeace, undoubtedly paid after years of legal arguments, there was no doubt that the case touched a central nerve in the Canada of the 1970s.

Decades are defined not only by pop music, fashions or great events, but also by crimes that characterize the fears, conflicts and anxieties of the period. The late Victorian expression of the 1890s gave us Louise Bourdon and her axe. The developing fashions of the 1920s produced Leopold, Loeb and their failed "perfect crime" intended to reveal the rights of "supermen" to use the means to buy society's rules. The coldest 1960s brought the slaughter of movie starlet Sharon Tate and her friends by the followers of Charles Manson—a chilling demonstration of how grotesquely social rebellion can be perverted. The 1970s, a decade that rewarded selfish behavior into the syndrome journalist Tom Wolfe has called the "Me generation," eventually yielded the Demeter murder.

The Demeters seemed to have everything: a house in Mississauga appraised at \$140,000 on the very day Christine was killed, swimming pool, crown-stuffed furniture, a Mercedes, a Cadillac. Christine had a love-in maid, a gardener kept their slapping lovers quiet. There were frequent holidays in Europe and Aspen. Both had shared the North American dream, caught it and never shed away from displaying its booty to less affluent friends. Demeter, who escaped from Hungary several years before the 1956 revolution, arrived in Canada with the clear inten-



Christine Demeter (left), husband Peter with lawyer Greenpeace (right) right to the end, "everything" was never enough

stending that the streets were paved with gold. They weren't, but what did that matter to a man with eight dollars in his pocket who was ready to take any job? By the time of Christine's death, less than two decades later, Demeter had amassed property worth more than \$400,000 and was putting it into his stride as a developer.

Christine, born in Innsbruck, was endowed with a stunning five-foot-five figure. She left a marriage and a child in Austria, met her second husband, Demeter, a Viennese and came to Canada eager to enjoy a life of charge accounts and weekly hairdresser appointments. In between, to move off boredom, there were her purchases: wedding matter. More important, she knew that the hard times she had faced when trying to make it as a model and actress in Europe were a thing of the past, thanks to her ambition and successful husband. But the "Me" society of the 1970s told the Demeters they should have more. They should be richer, more beautiful, more sexually fulfilled, more "free to be themselves"—whatever that meant. They were entitled, according to the mythology of the permissive society, to have more of everything without paying a price in effort or inconvenience. So Christine, while endlessly fantasizing about the process of aging, as between a cliff, hermit and a husband, by her pool, schemed about how to get more money from her husband and contributed to friends about the limits he placed on her charge accounts—even though she was contributing little to the family income. Demeter was easy enough to get, but a divorce would mean a sharp reduction in his standard of living. Instead, she convinced herself with emotional alchemy.

Peter Demeter seemed no more prepared than Christine to pay a price to enter himself from an unhappy relationship. On the contrary, according to evidence presented at his trial, Demeter had little interest in making sacrifices—either emotional or financial. (He wanted to trade in his wife for a better model, then wait until she had cooled and he became then a divorcee. Both husband and wife were awarded far more than a million dollars in each other's favor. Moreover, Demeter had a younger Viennese mistress—the exquisite Maria Hendl—ready willing and able to scrubly able to take Christine's place. The scene was set for that great 1970s solution—having your cake and eating it, too.

It was found that July 1973, night when Demeter drew his wife Christine's pale corpse, Mercedes to a stop in front of their desirable garage. As the meticulously operated garage door rose, the headlight picked up the crimson blood still dripping from Christine's cramped body. She was 33, her long luscious hair was colored with brown mistle. Her skin had been hit at least seven times with a blunt object. In the darkened living room of the house, their daughter, Andrea, age 3, sat quietly watching television—*Lawman*, *Scavenger*, the



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four investigators Demeter had just driven back from a two-hour stoppage, appeared at the still warm body. Typically, Christine was clad in a black leather gown and silver slippers.

After a month-long investigation, on August 17, 1973, Demeter, 40, was charged with murder. His eleven-week trial, one of the longest murder trials in Canadian history, was marked by dramatic personality clashes in Ontario courts. Several times police (including Gault [Hillier] Wong was brought to work a paper bag over his head to mask his identity. He was referred to in court only as "Mr. X" ostensibly to play up the importance of his evidence (which after his trial proved to be no only lies, any way). Re-trials snatched back in Hamilton's John "Johnny Popo" Pagnola were subpoenaed for no reason other than to establish some sort of vague pull-by association. Daily the line of speculation for who and how long in the parade of witnesses continued. Among these associate boxes (Gibson Magorovitch [also Joe Demeter], who gave the court an informative lesson on the concept of enforcement.

Assistant Crown Attorney Leo McGowan: What is the going rate for breaking someone's hands or legs?

Demeter: Sometimes I get \$300, sometimes I get \$1,000.

McGowan: How much did you get paid for acting for me in court?

Demeter: How much I get paid? One thousand.

Shortly after the trial here "The Duck" O'Leary, the great suspect for his man in the black-gowning of Christine, died in a hurry of what the authorities deemed were natural causes. He was 39 and in perfect health before he suffered an extremely massive cerebral hemorrhage in a provincial Hungarian prison, where he was being investigated about the murder without benefit of lawyers or custom. Perhaps most bizarre of all was evidence that indicated Christine's death might have been the result of her own plot against her husband.

It was, in short, a sensational trial and when it was over Demeter was convicted. Although he had been skipping with four witnesses 30 miles away from the scene the jury was convinced that he had hired "persons unknown" to kill her. Whether the persons were really witnesses or simply not charged for lack of evidence (or whether a deal was made with them in return for evidence against Demeter) was a matter of suspicion. Said Deputy Chief William Teggart of the Peel Regional Police, recently: "There's no inkling of hints on murder. The investigation still goes on."

In a sense, the trial, held in the plush new courthouse of London, Ontario, had become something of a Canadian morality play. Through a few of the characters might

as easily have been seen in Chicago or Jersey City, the man and represented an extremely (non-)fictional of Canadian society. There were the eager faces of the Peel Regional Police force, who had provided enormous (for them) reserves of cash and manpower on the most glamorous case in their experience and who saw it as their chance to show larger more sophisticated city cops what a really tight law operation could do. On the bench, Mr. Justice Campbell. Grant was working up a long and distinguished career. In spite of the occasional pain of a pulsating condition Mr. Justice Grant appeared determined not to have what a fellow judge called "the greatest trial of the century" overturned in appeal, and indeed the Ontario Court of Appeal upheld Demeter's conviction unanimously. As it even added sentence there was the comely figure of Martin Blundie who acted as from Vienna to sit at the side of her lover Demeter. Her hair pulled back and her figure revealed by Demeter's blouse and skirt, Martin told the evidence her love listen to Demeter—letters that depicted a swinging lifestyle that included heavy drinking and lesbian affairs. And as it went forward and scenes mounted to a ripe evidence tales of the Demeter's struggle for a bigger piece of the Canadian dream. They mingled from accounts of how he talked the Peel Canada out of long distance charges to how the allegedly tried to arrange her husband's mar-



Victor, reporter with his paper bag 'the paper' if you can't trust a Mr. X...

ried. Tales of perjuries, perjury and greed. And some open game hearts. Who wanted to have whom killed remained a mystery, but the fascination of the case was really no mystery at all. The drama and mystery of the decade were demystified

in perfect detail by the story of the unhappy Massachusetts couple. Any person looking in his own mirror might have perceived, however dimly, the faces of Christine and Victor Demeter.

Michael's Barbara and her partner George Grant have been married for 20 years. They live in Toronto, Ontario, and are both authors of books on the history of Canada.

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Victor, the reporter (top) and Demeter, the defendant: can a man be judged by the company he keeps?

snog twirling. Anne Jackson's baby posse Anne Marie's dumb wit/ignominy and most particularly, Sandy Dennis' rubbing, nuzzling goodness all provide a fascinating stage of emotional conspiracy. And Glenda Jackson's tight-lipped, smug, untranslatable provides a nauseous commentary on Richard Nixon through the achievement in inner conviction he always lacked. If Nixon had only possessed Glenda Jackson's technique, he might have put us away with ease. **D** **BRUCE KATZ**

Music

Orpheus ascending



MacLellan: Five years later he took his own advice and put his hand in *The Hand*

Three into two won't go

3 RICHIE

Directed by Robert Altman
Robert Altman is even! (the most expensive and angriest film makers working anywhere today) but every once in a while he also makes a very special director. There has been *Week-End*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *MASH*, *SW* and *Shogun*—most the best—second or third films in a director's canon. Now *J. Watson*. Like his best films, his worst ones are remarkably personal, but they also bear a permanent load of protest symbols and metaphysical propensities. It is said that the idea for *J. Watson* came to Altman in a dream, would that he had rolled over and kept on sleeping.

Actually, the first half of *J. Watson* is very effective with the comic observation and ease that distinguish Altman's technique. He gives us the lives of two young women, both of whom have drifted out of Tennessee and into California, where they meet working in a distant rehabilitation spa for juvenile *Pinky Rose* (*Sissy Spacek*) is a shy, beaming, gentle, child-woman, almost innocent, almost idealistic. Lamentous, daffodily, Dawn (*Sissy Spacek*) is a woman everything that *Pinky* would like to be—self-reliant, cynical, socially confident.

Altman deftly uncovers the truth of both these lives, explains their tension and connects. Miller for all her darkness, her little apartment devoted to death in yellow and purple, her reputation of receiving her dates and heterosexual needs pose and become to keep away the pain of a slow starvation. *Shogun* (*Doris*) exceptional performance provides her a context, one time and then a jagged realization of it. Similarly, too, there is something hidden in *Pinky's* whimsy, something fun to improve direction.

But the psychological balance between the two women isn't enough for Altman movie-maker. He also adds Willie (*James Frawley*) an older woman whose pregnancy is given almost biblical dimensions and who spends most of her time gnawing the passionately actively symbolic meat that are the film's observations on life. By the time *Altman* is finished with all his psycho-transference role reversal ritual (the film even needs to begin to Reginald's *Prose*), our interest in two specific lives is lost amid the high-toned, high-minded clutter. **B** **BRUCE KATZ**

The left side of songwriter Gene MacLellan's face droops like the hunk of a tripping Prince Edward Island born. The lurch on his forehead and cheeks are long and deep for a man of 39. Life has been hard for MacLellan harder than for most people. But the smile is quicker than it is to be and the care-worn woodworker is stylish and sporty. Now five years after the same defeat and confusion caused by the writing of the pop hit *Smash* and *Put Your Hand in the Hand*, Gene MacLellan has sailed through his life and is looking positively back on view with the release last month of *My Ain Simple Wish*. You see his first record album since 1970.

In spring 1972, Gene MacLellan was riding high on the notoriety of Anne Murray's version of *Smash* and the Montreal pop group *Grease*'s recording of *Put Your Hand in the Hand*. He had recorded an album (*Gene MacLellan*) song-writing royalties pocketed in his touring regularly and was besieged with requests for songs from writers as varied as Glen Campbell and Paddy Day. But something went wrong. The shy, gawky songwriter found himself playing his sad, country-flavored songs in Toronto's cavernous city *Grease* and as the married stage of the *Mrs. Jean* Canadian *Pop* magazine he had 150-pound body failed him and his lack of regional success inhibited at the success of the Canadian music business. "I wanted to be a person," he says, almost apologetically "not a compromise."

In June 1973, his two-year marriage in shambles, his confidence gone, on the edge of collapse, MacLellan tried to cut out the cause of his misery by selling his 80-acre farm and giving his company, *Gene Mac Enterprises*, to his then manager now head of city in variety, Rick MacLellan (who happened to not hold it in

most). What followed was five cathartic years during which MacLellan worked through his misdeeds and wandered through Europe supported by a stream of royalty cheques. Through it all he kept writing songs. Says MacLellan: "They were the only things that kept me alive."

Music has always been at the centre of MacLellan's troubled life. Born in Val de St. Quen, he started playing guitar in the late Fifties after his family had moved to Toronto. He played in country and rock bands before going on the road and scuffling odd jobs from work in a mental hospital to playing accompaniment for a touring company named *Red King*. When *MacAndrew* began in 1967 he was living with an aunt in rent. "In those days he was hungry," says MacAndrew "very hungry for success." A near-fatal car crash in 1968 further disfigured his face, childhood pain had partially paralyzed the left side, but he recovered and waged a stint on the circuit *Don Messer Show* and *Singalong Jubilee Show* which led to a friendship with Anne Murray (featured singer on *Singalong*) and the recording of *Smash*.

Today MacLellan seems to be a happy man. He has settled on a 30-acre farm on a Pleasant Hill, Ont. with his second wife Judy, and they are now *Gone* are the eye patch and dark glasses that used to hide the accident scars gone into the introverted silence of the years ago—replaced by a quiet, heady confidence that he attributes to his adoption of a born-again evangelical Christianity. Whatever the reason, MacLellan seems to have reached an accommodation with himself. "I'm not a valuable," he says "perhaps too valuable."

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Stendhal, 42, had been asked by Nissan's U.S. publishers to recommend a list of French publishing houses who should be invited to bid for the property. "So I gave them several of the best, and added my name to the bottom of the list," says Stendhal. "Eventually my bid was accepted."

His bid was \$300,000, and his casual endorsement gives no hint of the upset the coup caused in Paris, where they seemed to assume that Nissan's concern in France belonged, by right, to them. The usually modest *Le Figaro* declared that "the 'Craignasse' world" had "betrayed" them. "I've learned," Stendhal remarks quietly, "that I must have done something right."

Now he has published *St. Michel To Forget* (dubbed *A Child's Vision of Me*), his own childhood memories written in just an extra-impetuous and understated 110 pages despite the title of horror and heartbreak in wartime Lithuania. Born *Alejo* Stendhal-Vincent, he was a child in a time when Russia and Germany between them destroyed the independent Baltic republic, and he has tried to recreate *Alejo's* authentic perception without superimposing *Alejo's* adult awareness. The results are a mixed blessing. No character emerges as a fully dimensioned being, and the action—rising from the horrific to the trivial—eventually involves the reader. But as a docu-

mentary, Stendhal fully succeeds: he never evades or rationalizes his character, not even *Alejo*. It is as if, despite his title, he got freed from the art of *fiction* and a very particular set of cogs produced finished the job.

The object seems to have been oblique rather than obscure—he put further distance between *Alejo* and *Alejo*, not to preserve identity. Certainly, so there is his bygone office in Moscow, the competitive, multilingual publisher *Novo* and *Howard Hughes*. The *Midwest* Press and its Editions International. *Alejo* Stendhal publishes in French; seems to have no connection with *Alejo*, a boy who had been through terror and starvation, the son of the head of Lithuania's national radio station who started World War II on the wrong side of the Russians and ended it—many years later—on the wrong side of the Germans.

He went the story, he explains, "because friends asked me to tell it once too often. It was the best way to get rid of the past, once and for all." Why the impatience, the lack of editorial concern on the horizon he had gone through? "To oppose one system, you must endorse another. There's no choice, no system more intelligible than this." And later: "I do not resist. I do not negotiate. I adapt." On Quebec separation he is caustic, a populist working to remind the impatient observer: "I am a citizen of the world. I understand the need for boundaries but I am not far from seeing them."

In the most harrowing episode of *St. Michel To Forget*, *Alejo*, who he was about to, is trapped up a tree for a whole night while below him the Russians torture and kill prisoners. He was a Soviet witness that night and part of both teams as to the day. Another part in building for the French rights to Henry Kissinger's memoir.

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4. *Goodbye, Stranger* (4)
5. *The Valleys Exchange, Patterson* (8)
6. *Storm Warning, Higgins* (3)
7. *The Crown Of Thorns, Brennan*
8. *On a Story, Sagal*
9. *How To Save Your Own Life, Jung*
10. *Palmer, Cleaver*

NON-FICTION

1. *Soets, Hilly* (7)
2. *First Environmental Series, Dyer* (2)
3. *Passports, Shultz* (2)
4. *Cherishing, Gillman* (3)
5. *The Nine Report, Hile* (4)
6. *St. Andrew's Spinning Wheel, Johns* (3)
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The media talk about the 'public's right to know,' then act as if it's a privilege

Column by Alan Fotheringham

One of the most conspicuous of the Western world's information and communications industries is the *Liberal* newspaper that emanates from the forehead of the semi-weekly convention, just in off the Greyhound and on its way to solve the problem of mankind. So there was a great apple of contention regarding the press coverage of the Conservative Party's Toronto during the Liberal policy conference at an idea that was designed to visit the Grits (forward) into the post-Gowling era.

The result, as noted hourly by the faithful on the hard news, would be in that the engine room of the *Liberal* Press Gallery be subjected, like some early but action out of Rome, to serve several years in the boardroom of the nation. The snakes having their prophecies fulfilled, as it were.

A very good idea as a matter of fact with about as much chance of achieving life as the conversion of the Liberals into a vaccine belief in freedom of information. The suggestion naturally, caused large amounts of the extensive and extensive of the gallery, who grow nervous once outside an 18-mile circumference of the parliamentary doing men's subliminal needs. It is impractical, of course, to separate the national press from the fact where their sources are dug in. It is the same in any national capital—London, Washington, Moscow—the journalistic component piled on top of one another is a degree of need expressed previously only by some of the ranking strong Kentucky ball-bats. The *Liberal* Daily is a newspaper, the products of recent often emerge with its fingers or three toes. In the journalistic surety the product is a newspaperable copy from self-induced rumour.

What makes it more difficult (and what makes such contempt in the delegates from the deep bench) is that in other such lands the national capital at least is a major world-class centre. But Ottawa is such an ignored repository of middle-class minds that the national press performance is off in one isolated hour, when the ferment of what is really going on amongst the unsatisfied taxpayers. It is as if the U.S. capital were in Terre Haute, the Benck one in Bogoté Regis, the Rome one in Oakes. No wonder the goofy misadventure on a conspiracy press is what springs from the pores of the Liberal mind.

While all this must be left to Queen Victoria's good complex, there is one aspect of press possibility that is worth examining. It is the peculiar reluctance of the Quebec

press, especially at the nose of our party to venture into the heart of Canada. It is hardly puzzling because the reverse problem has now been solved. Since the Quiet Revolution 15 years ago awakened the rest of Canada, the English language press has opened the subject in race shovelled on Quebec. All the major papers, through the *Star*, the *Sun*, the *Toronto Star*, the *Montreal Star* now have sent staffers to Quebec. Robert McKenzie of the *Star* consistently supplies some of the best investigative reporting in the country. Richard Clement of *The Globe and Mail* has deservedly just



Liberalize the eyes and ears of Quebec?

won a national newspaper award for his reporting from Quebec.

On the other side of the two sides, there is a strange vacuum. The Quebec press, not as if Canada ended at the Ottawa River. Don Roger Lemelin's list and proposals *Le Progrès* states a correspondent in Toronto, let alone western Canada? Never talked Lemelin about this one day and he said he didn't think his readers would be interested. Are newspapers put on this earth to lead or to follow? At *Le Devoir*, the ignored Claude Ryan says he has senior editors who have never been to either Toronto or Ottawa and probably never will venture there. All the more reason, one might suggest, for some regular contact from these faith-driven players.

Just as strange as the claustrophobia of the Quebec press has been the attitude of *The Montreal Star* and *Montreal Gazette*. The *Star*, a good, solid paper doesn't bother with a staffer in the west and relies on the

journalistic up-on-the "stranger" who harbours a weekend malaise. Such a steady diet of a newspaper what is happening at the rest of Canada via a Quebec resident in a *Star* reporter travelling west after November 15 and discovering to his chagrin that, as if justifying upon a core plant, do not, as Morn, the celebrated Anglo "bookish," otherwise known as the *Corr* (Fleetsky-hydrocarbon) it was the last survive phenomenon ever discovered, but when you can't bother with steady coverage such truths loom on the landscape like the Maritimes.

The *Gazette* is also in a strange space. Just a few years ago, under the aggressive managing editorship of Denny Harvey (now in p-drip in the glue of CBC bureaucracy) and the publishing hand of Mark Finkel (the only publisher of a major paper in back the view in an election—while with *The Windsor Star*). The *Gazette* became a crusading paper. There was just one problem: The more words it was for investigation reporting, the more the news was slipped. The paper was offending its own constituency in Westminster (with that "Rindler-Schjerve" mentality), the famous phrase coined by Keith Spence and adopted by René Lévesque. Under Ross Munro, the *Gazette* has become more solid and it is noted that Tim Cuddy, the editorial page editor, who is a social demagogue in leaving to reveal his own misdeeds. The *Gazette* does not seem destined for major probes beyond its own borders.

What I'm saying, in my own fulfilling fashion, is that Quebec papers can afford to take a national view. What they lack is the intellectual leap required. Do clear one has gone much out of the way to explain to the Quebec reader over the years the past-dry cynicism, the political and ideological, need shelling both to the west and east of that province. What keeps the country together is a denial of the national geographic pull—the venge, the *Maritimes* linked to New England—the metropolitan of Toronto driven to metropolitan sanctuaries in Cleveland and Pittsburgh—the Prairie looking south to their Henry Fonda-equivalents in the Midwest—the ecstatic spin-off of the cycling the native fringe of California. The communication strings binding the country together start-west could be paid a lot tighter.

The Prime Minister said the other day the main danger was not Quebec separatism but the anomalous between the regions. The country has not grown up yet and neither have some of the newspapers

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